

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

CANTO SECOND

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### I.

IF thou would'st view fan Mcrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,  
For the gay beams of lightsome day,  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oiel glimmers white,  
When the cold light's, uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined cential tower,  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ; 10  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
When distant Twced is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile ;  
And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

### II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there :  
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair ; 20  
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,  
He struck full loud, and struck full long.  
The porter hurried to the gate—  
“ Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late ? ”—  
“ From Blanksome I,” the warrior cried ;  
And straight the wicket open'd wide ;  
For Blanksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,  
To fence the rights of fan Mcrose ;  
And lands and livings, many a rood,  
Had gifted the shune for their souls' repose. 30

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### III

Bold Deloaine his erand said;  
The porter bent his humble head,  
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,  
And noiseless step the path he trod;  
The arched cloister, far and wide,  
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,  
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,  
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,  
And lifted his bann'd aventayle,  
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

40

### IV

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;  
Says, that the fated hour is come,  
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,  
To win the treasure of the tomb"—  
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,  
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;  
A hundred years had flung their snows  
On his thin locks and floating beard.

### V.

And strangely on the knight look'd he,  
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide;  
"And, darest thou, Warrior! seek to see  
What heaven and hell alike would hide?  
My breast in belt of iron pent,  
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;  
For threescore years in penance spent.  
My knees those flinty stones have worn;  
Yet all too little to atone  
For knowing what should ne'er be known.  
Wouldst thou thy every future year  
In ceaseless prayer and penance die,  
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—  
Then, daring Warrior, follow me!"—

50

60

### VI.

"Penance, father, will I none;  
Prayer know I hardly one,  
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,  
Save to patter an Ave Mary,  
When I ride on a Border foray.

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Other prayer can I none ;  
So speed me my errand and let me be gone."—

### VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old, 70  
And again he sighed heavily ;  
For he had himself been a warrior bold,  
And fought in Spain and Italy,  
And he thought on the days that were long since by,  
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high .  
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,  
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay ;  
The pillar'd arches were over their head,  
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

### VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flow'rets bright, 80  
Glisten'd with the dew of night ,  
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,  
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.  
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,  
Then into the night he looked forth ;  
And red and bright the streamers light  
Were dancing in the glowing north  
So had he seen, in far Castile,  
The youth in glittering squadrons start ;  
Sudden the flying jennet wheel, 90  
And hurl the unexpected dart.  
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That Spirits were riding the northern light.

### IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door, *Re-enter*  
They enter'd now the chancel tall ;  
The darken'd roof rose high aloof  
On pillars lofty, and light, and small :  
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,  
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ,  
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim ; 100  
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so tum,  
With base and with capital flourish'd around,  
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.



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## X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner iven,  
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,  
Around the screened altar's pale,  
And there the dying lamps did burn,  
Before thy low and lonely urn,  
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!  
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale! 110  
O fading honours of the dead!  
O high ambition, lowly laid!

## XI.

The moon on the east oiel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
By foliage tracery combined,  
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,  
In many a freakish knot, had twined,  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone. 120  
The silver light, so pale and faint,  
Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,  
Whose image on the glass was dyed:  
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red  
Triumphant Michael brandishèd,  
And trampled the apostate's pride  
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

## XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,  
(A Scottish monarch slept below;)  
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:— 130  
"I was not always a man of woe,  
For Paynim countries I have trod,  
And fought beneath the Cross of God.  
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,  
And their non clang sounds strange to my ear

## XIII.

In these far climes it was my lot  
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;  
A Wizard, of such dreaded fame,  
That when, in Salamanca's cave, 140

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Him listèd his magic wand to wave,  
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame '  
 Some of his skill he taught to me,  
 And, Warrior, I could say to the  
 The words that cleft Eildon hills in thice,  
 And bidded the Tweed with a curb of stone  
 But to speak them were a deadly sin,  
 And for having but thought them my heart within  
 A treble penance must be done.

### XIV

When Michael lay on his dying bed, 150  
 His conscience was awaken'd  
 He bethought him of his sinful deed,  
 And he gave me a sign to come with speed  
 I was in Spain when the morning rose,  
 But I stood by his bed ere evening close  
 The words may not again be said,  
 That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;  
 They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,  
 And pile it in heaps above his grave

### XV.

I swore to bury his Mighty Book, 160  
 That never mortal might therein look,  
 And never to tell where it was hid,  
 Save at his Chief of Blanksome's need.  
 And when that need was past and o'er.  
 Again the volume to restore  
 I buried him on St. Michael's night,  
 When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright,  
 And I dug his chamber among the dead,  
 When the floor of the chancel was stained red,  
 That his patron's cross might over him wave, 170  
 And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave

### XVI

It was a night of woe and dread,  
 When Michael in the tomb I laid!  
 Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,  
 The banners waved without a blast,—  
 —Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd one!  
 I tell you, that a braver man

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Than William of Deloraine, good at need,  
Against a foe ne'er spur'd a steed ;  
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread, 180  
And his han did bistle upon his head.

### XVII.

"Lo, Warrior ! now the Cross of Red  
Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;  
Within it burns a wondrous light,  
To chase the spirits that love the night :  
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,  
Until the eternal doom shall be"—  
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,  
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon  
He pointed to a secret nook, 190  
An iron bar the Warrior took,  
And the Monk made a sign with his withered hand,  
The grave's huge portal to expand

### XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went ;  
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ;  
With bar of iron heaved amain,  
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain  
It was by dint of passing strength,  
That he moved the massy stone at length.  
I would you had been there, to see 200  
How the light broke forth so gloriously,  
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,  
And through the galleries far aloof !  
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright ;  
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,  
And, issuing from the tomb,  
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,  
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,  
And kiss'd his waving plume.

### XIX

Before their eyes the Wizard lay, 210  
As if he had not been dead a day.  
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,  
He seemed some seventy winters old :  
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round.  
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,  
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :

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His left hand held his Book of might;  
A silver cross was in his right,  
The lamp was placed beside his knee:  
High and majestic was his look, 220  
At which the fellest fiends had shook,  
And all unuffled was his face.  
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

### XX

Often had William of Deloraine  
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,  
And trampled down the warriors slain,  
And neither known remorse nor awe;  
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;  
His breath came thick, his head swam round,  
When this strange scene of death he saw. 230  
Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,  
And the priest prayed fervently and loud:  
With eyes averted pray'd he,  
He might not endure the sight to see,  
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

### XXI

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,  
Thus unto Deloraine he said:—  
"Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,  
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue;  
For those, thou may'st not look upon, 240  
Aie gathering fast round the yawning stone!"  
Then Deloraine, in terror, took  
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,  
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound.  
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd;  
But the glare of the sepulchral light,  
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

### XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,  
The night return'd in double gloom,  
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few; 250  
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,  
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,  
They hardly might the postern gain.  
'Tis said, as though the aisles they pass'd,  
They heard strange noises on the blast;

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And through the cloister-galleries small,  
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,  
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,  
And voices unlike the voice of man ;  
As if the fiends kept holiday,  
Because these spells were brought to day. 260  
I cannot tell how the truth may be ,  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

### XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,  
"And when we are on death-bed laid,  
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St John,  
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"  
The Monk return'd him to his cell,  
And many a prayer and penance sped ,  
When the convent met at the noontide bell— 270  
The Monk of St Mary's aisle was dead !  
Before the cross was the body laid,  
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

### XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,  
And strove his hardihood to find  
He was glad when he pass'd the tomb-stones grey,  
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;  
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,  
Felt like a load upon his breast ;  
And his joints, with nerves of iron twin'd, 280  
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.  
Full fain was he when the dawn of day,  
Began to brighten Cheviot grey ;  
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,  
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

### XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,  
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side ;  
And soon beneath the rising day  
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.  
The wild birds told their warbling tale, 290  
And waken'd every flower that blows,  
And peep'd forth the violet pale,  
And spread her breast the mountain rose.

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And lovelier than the rose so red,  
Yet paler than the violet pale,  
She early left her sleepless bed,  
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

### XXVI

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,  
And don her kirtle so hastily,  
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make, 300  
Why tumble her slender fingers to the,  
Why does she stop, and look often around,  
As she glides down the secret stair,  
And why does she put the shaggy blood-hound,  
As he rouses him up from his lair,  
And, though she passes the postern alone,  
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

### XXVII.

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,  
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread,  
The Ladye caresses the rough blood-hound, 310  
Lest his voice should waken the castle round,  
The watchman's bugle is not blown,  
For he was her foster-father's son;  
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light,  
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

### XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,  
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set,  
A fairer pair were never seen  
To meet beneath the hawthorn green. 320  
He was stately, and young, and tall;  
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall  
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,  
Lent to her cheek a livelier red,  
When the half sigh her swelling breast  
Against the silken ribbon prest;  
When her blue eyes then secret told,  
Though shaded by her locks of gold—  
Where would you find the peerless fair,  
With Margaret of Blanksome might compare!

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## XXIX

And now, fair dames, methinks I see 330  
 You listen to my minstrelsy,  
 Your waving locks ye backward throw,  
 And sidelong bend your necks of snow:  
 Ye woen to hear a melting tale,  
 Of two true lovers in a dale,  
 And how the Knight, with tender fire,  
 To paint his faithful passion strove;  
 Swoie he might at hei feet expire,  
 But never; never cease to love,  
 And how she blush'd and how she sigh'd, 340  
 And, half consenting, half denied,  
 And said that she would die a maid,—  
 Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,  
 Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,  
 Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

## XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!  
 My harp has lost the enchanting strain;  
 Its lightness would my age reprove:  
 My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,  
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold; 350  
 I may not, must not, sing of love.

## XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,  
 The Baron's Dwarf his course held,  
 And held his crested helm and spear:  
 That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,  
 If the tales were true that of him ran  
 Through all the Border, far and near.  
 'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode  
 Through Reedsdale's glens but rarely rode,  
 He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!" 360  
 And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,  
 A leap of thirty feet and three  
 Made from the gorse this elfin shape,  
 Distorted like some dwarfish ape,  
 And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.  
 Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;  
 'I is said that five good miles he rode,  
 To rid him of his company,

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But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,  
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door 370

### XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :  
This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid :  
Little he ate, and less he spoke,  
Not mingled with the menial flock  
And oft apart his aims he toss'd,  
And often mutter'd "Lost ! lost ! lost !" 380  
    He was waspish, aich, and litheilie,  
    But well Lord Cranstoun servèd he,  
And he of his service was full fain,  
For once he had been ta'en or slain,  
    An it had not been for his ministry.  
All between Home and Hermitage,  
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-page.

### XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,  
And took with him this elvish Page,  
    To Mary's chapel of the Lowes  
For there, beside our Lady's lake,  
An offering he had sworn to make,  
    And he would pay his vows.  
But the Lady of Branksome gather'd a band 390  
Of the best that would ride at her command  
    Thy resting-place was Newaik Lee  
Wat of Harden came thither amain,  
And thither came John of Thirlestane,  
And thither came William of Deloaine ;  
    They were three hundred spears and three.  
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,  
Their horses piance, their lances gleam.  
They came to St Mary's lake ere day ;  
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away 400  
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,  
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-page.

### XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good green-wood,  
As under the aged oak he stood,  
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,  
As if a distant noise he hears.



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The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,  
 And signs to the lovers to part and fly ·  
 No time was then to vow or sigh.  
 Fair Margaret through the hazel grove, 410  
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove  
 The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;  
 Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,  
 And, pondering deep that morning's scene,  
 Rode eastward through the hawthorns green

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,  
 The Minstrel's voice began to fail .  
 Full slyly smiled the observant page,  
 And gave the wither'd hand of age  
 A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine, 420  
 The blood of Velez' scorched vine.  
 He raised the silver cup on high,  
 And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,  
 Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,  
 And all who cheer'd the son of song.  
 The attending maidens smiled to see  
 How long, how deep, how zealously,  
 The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd ;  
 And he, embolden'd by the draught,  
 Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd 430  
 The cordial nectar of the bowl  
 Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul ;  
 A lighter, livelier prelude ran,  
 Ere thus his tale again began.

## NOTES TO CANTO II.

1 Few verses of Scott's are better known than the description of Melrose Jeffrey remarks, "The reader will observe how skilfully the author calls in the aid of sentimental associations to heighten the effect of the picture which he presents to the eye."

"It would be difficult to overstate the influence which Scott's poetry has had on both sides of the Tweed, in encouraging a national taste for Gothic architecture. Every line in the 'Lay,' every incident in 'Marmion,' is pregnant with that spirit of romance which is the essence of traditional art. The time may perhaps have now arrived when the popular mind can dispense with the spell of association, and learn to admire Gothic for its intrinsic beauty. But in the early part of this century England could boast of no such author as Mr. Ruskin, to teach, discriminate, and criticize, in matters of taste. Guided by his advice and influence, we may succeed in kindling the lamps of life and power. But fifty years ago, in the darkest period which British art has seen, we were illumined by one solitary feeble and flickering flame, which Scott continued to keep alive. It was the lamp of memory."—EASTLAKE'S *Gothic Revival*, p. 115.

*the scrolls that teach.* "The buttresses along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey are richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished."—SCOTT.

*David's.* "David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity by founding and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose [1136], but also those of Jedburgh, Kelso, and many others, which led to the well-known observations of his successor, that he was a *sore saint for the crown*."—SCOTT.

*Sent. GL.*

2 *Short halt.* Notice the effective contrast, by which we return to the ballad proper.

*for Branksome's chiefs.* Observe how every fact has its motive.  
Cp. on Introd. i. 2

3 *aventayle, GL.*

5 *alone, dree, GL.*

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*would'st thou* For the construction, cp "would the noble Duchess deign" (Introd *Grammar*) Think what the meaning of *yet*, and the mood of *wait* is

6 *patter an Ave Mary* "We learn from Lesley that the Boudiers regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition"—SCOTT

Notice that 'prayer' is used as a dissyllable in the second and sixth, but as a monosyllable in the third line Deloraine's little speech is intentionally made rough and harsh in metric to bring out the contrast between the unlettered knight and the monk  
Cp Introd *Metre*

"Pray'er know I hard'ly one',  
For mass' or pray'r I can I aie'ly ta'iy,  
Save' to pat'ter an A've Mary,  
So speed' me my er'and and let' me be gone' "

Notice that in the three middle lines we have what are called double rhymes, the last syllables however being the same therefore do not really rhyme (for rhyme implies difference in the consonants), but the rhyme comes on the first syllable, and the last syllable is disregarded in point of metre Deloraine's verses rather remind one of the moss-trooper's apostrophe to the Lay-stack, which he regretted he could not carry off with the cattle on his raid, "By my saul, had ye but four feet ye should not stand lang there" Deloraine's verses have four feet, but they are very awkward ones

*mass, foray, Gl.*

7 *Now slow* Notice the expressive change from the bounding anapaests to the iambs in the seventh line

8 *jennet, Gl*

*Then in'to the night he looked forth.* There are only three accents in this line, this change is common where the rhymes are alternate as here, but the alternate lines more commonly answer to one another. A solitary line of three accents may be used to mark a pause in the sense

*So had he seen* Cp 1 28, note 2, and observe the fitness of the comparison in the monk's mouth (cp 7 and 14).

9 *The darkened roof* Notice that the end of this line rhymes with the middle, and not with *door* in the first line, cp the 7th and 5th lines of the last stanza *aloof* = at a distance, with 'darkened' it seems to mean to the limit of their sight. Compare a description of an English minster, "the style of exquisite lightness and heavenward aspiration is engrafted on the old forms of rest and solidity; every ingenious method is practised to lend a greater appearance of altitude and *distance* by a marvellous combination of height and obscurity" A forest avenue is supposed to have given the idea of Gothic architecture  
*fleur-de-lys*, lily, the royal flower of France, 'his' in modern

## NOTES TO CANTO II

French, *quatre-feuile*, the heraldic device of four leaves joined to form a rounded cross

*aloof, corbels, Gl*

*10 scutcheon, Gl*

*Shook to the cold night wind* Touches of this kind make us see the scene with the eyes of the monk and Deloiane, and prevent the description losing life and reality, and becoming a recapitulation

It is worth while to compare with this and the following stanza Byron's description of Lara in his hall. In both the aim is to impress by the solemn effect of moonlight and Gothic architecture combined —

"He turned within his solitary hall,  
And his high shadow shot along the wall.  
There were the painted forms of other times,  
'T was all they left of virtues and of crimes  
Save vague tradition, and the gloomy vaults  
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults  
He wandering mused, and—as the moonbeams shone  
Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,  
And the high fretted roof and saints that there  
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,—  
Reflected in fantastic figures grew  
Like life, but not like mortal life to view"

*O gallant chief of Otterburne.* Notice the dignity is imparted to some of Scott's verse by the use of such 'sounding' names: Compare *Dinwiddie* (i 7), and contrast with *Todrig* (iii 27) "The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August 1388, between Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James Earl of Douglas. Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action, and buried at Melrose, 'with his banner hanging over him'"—SCOTT.

*dark Knight of Liddesdale.* "William Douglas, who flourished during the reign of David II, and was so distinguished for his valour that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Ramsay Earl of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. He succeeded his victim as Sheriff of Teviotdale, but was soon after slain by his own godson and chieftain William Earl of Douglas in revenge of Ramsay's murder. He was interred in Melrose with great pomp"—SCOTT.

*O fading honours, etc.* Compare Shuley's verses:—

"Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;

SCOTT — LAY, II.

B

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But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
 They tame but one another still :  
     Early or late  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,  
 Where they pale captives stoop to death.

The gailands wither on your brow,  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
 Upon Death's purple altar now  
     See where the victor-victim bleeds ,  
     Your heads must come  
     To the pale tomb ;  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust."

11 *spell*, Gl.

*triumphant*, i.e. over Satan. For the power of the fallen saint, cp. l. 22, ii 15.

12 *Paynim*, Gl.

13 *Sir Michael Scott* of Balwearie "flourished during the thirteenth century," by a poetical anachronism he is here placed in a much later era. He wrote several treatises on natural philosophy, and hence passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster (1627) tells us that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the fiends who were thereby invoked."—SCOTT. Dante places poor Michael Scott, along with other sorcerers, in one of the lower circles of his *Inferno*. The magician was often only the modern natural philosopher in embryo; but now we do honour to the professor who can make ice before our eyes in a red-hot basin. In those dark ages of fighting knights and superstitious priests, the Devil was the only being credited with doing his duty in exploring the secrets of Nature.

*Salamanca's cave* "Spain, from the reliques doubtless of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. There were public schools where magic was regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city they were held in a deep cavern, the mouth of which was walled up by Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand. In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic king of Spain, he is said to have entered one

<sup>3</sup> He was physician and astrologer to the Emperor Frederick II, who died in 1250. Boccaccio says, "Not long since there was in this city (of Florence) a great master of necromancy called Michele Scotto, because he was of Scotland," cp. Carlyle's *Dante*, xx 115

## NOTES TO CANTO II

of those enchanted caverns at Toledo It was situated beneath an ancient tower, and when its iron gates were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. . . . Roderic, however, with great difficulty, reached a square hall, in the midst of which stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen, who discharged furious blows on all sides with a Moorish mace, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased striking till he read on his right hand, 'Wretched monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither' Roderic caused the gates of the cavern to be locked and barricaded, but in the course of the night the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern The conquest of Spain by the Saracens and the death of Roderic fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue."—SCOTT.

*listed, GI*

*bells would ring.* Scott tells another story that, when Michael was sent as ambassador to Paris to demand satisfaction for piracies, the king refused, but the first stamp of the wizard's horse shook every steeple in Paris, and made all the bells ring, the second threw down three of the towers of the king's palace, and the king was glad to give in before the third Compare this with the end of stanza 14.

*bridled the Twerd* The art of bridge-building in which the Romans excelled, seems to have been lost by the Celts and Saxons. Thus a great number of towns end in -ford, very few in -bridge, and these mostly are on small streams Ponte-fract on the Aïre marks that they could not even repair the bridges, as Gates-head, i.e. 'road's end,' where was once the Pons Ælhi over the Tyne Cp Taylor, *Words and Places*, p. 169. The connexion of engineering with magic is shewn in the 'Devil's Bridge' on the St Gothard, etc., and the 'Devil's Dyke,' or earthwork defending East Anglia against Mercia

*the words that cleft* "Michael Scott was once on a time much embarrassed by a spirit for whom he was forced to find constant employment Two of the tasks set are recorded in the text, the demon was at last conquered by being set to make ropes out of sea-sand."—SCOTT What if the demon had found out that sand makes glass, and glass makes beautiful threads.

17 *unquenchably.* Eternal lamps like the secret of perpetual motion, and the philosopher's stone, were among the cherished mysteries of natural magic These lamps were supposed to be found burning in sepulchres, one with a wick of asbestos in the tomb of Cicero's daughter: so Scott is true to tradition, but is

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

careful to add the motive to suit the case, viz "to chase the sprits" with which the magician had been too familiar  
*the bloody cross was traced*, cp the end of l. 22

18 Observe how the epithets bring out the idea of effort in the first part, and of the result in the second part of the stanza. notice the contrast of colour also in the last three lines.  
*dunt*, Gl

19 *passing*, sur-passing, the simple for the compound, cp. above on *wilder*, Introd (Etymol) v. 11  
*palmer*, *amice*, *baldrick*, *filgum*, *fell*, Gl

20 We now see a new point in the description of Deloiaune's boldness, l. 22  
*had rode* Ridden, rid, and rode are used as part, the first being more correct in grammar as in usage.

21 *spede thee what thou hast to do* This is a good instance of the English reflexive or middle voice (1) 'Thee' is not for the nominative 'thou,' but a dative case 'for thyself,' the object being 'that, which' words of motion were mostly reflexive in old English, generally with dative, sometimes acc so in O. E. 'I shalle *me spede* ful hastely' (A.S. *spēdan*, to go on), cp. 'mount thee on the wightest steed,' l. 22, 'hve thee hence,' l. 23, so of verbs of rest, 'then stay thee, fair, in Ravenscheuch' Cp. 'stand thee close under that pent house,' Much Ado, III iii 110 (2) Distinguish this from the use of transitive verbs with an acc, 'he laid him down,' Rokeby, III 8. The adjective 'self' is not added (except with 'it' as 'oppose itself'), unless the meaning is emphatic 'They knelt them down,' vi 29 'The monk return'd him to his cell,' ii. 23, 'avoid thee, Friend,' vi 32. Compare also 'endcavou ourselves,' Collect for second Sunday after Easter.

22 *all between Home and Hermitage*, i.e. every one on the Border, Home Castle being just south of Greenlaw in Berwickshire, and Hermitage Castle west of Roxburghshire in Liddesdale.

24 *fain*, Gl.

25 *Carter's fell* on the Cheviots above Jedburgh.

We seem to feel, as well as Deloiaune, the 'cheerful light' and freshness of the morning, after the night-watch by the wizard's tomb. Observe the change of metre to mark the change of subject, and also how all leads up to the last line.

26 Why 'does fair Marg'ret so early awake'?

The metre shews how 'would' is to be pronounced in the third line

Compare for the effect of the questions, l. 6.

*don*, *kirtle*, Gl.

## NOTES TO CANTO II

27 Compare Byron's description of the meeting of Pausina and Hugo —

"But it is not to list to the waterfall  
That Pausina leaves her hall;  
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light  
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;  
She listens—but not for the nightingale,  
Though her ear expects as soft a tale;  
There glides a step through the foliage thick,  
And her cheek grows pale and her heart beats quick,—  
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,  
And her blush returns and her bosom heaves,—  
A moment more—and they shall meet—  
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet"

29 *fair damns . . you listen*, cp the first verse of Rosabelle, vi. 23

*might the feud be stayed* [Analyse the construction]  
*ween, feud, Gl*

31 *the Baron's Dwarf* On the introduction of this being into the 'Lay' Jeffrey remarks, "The page is a perpetual burden to the poet and to the reader, it is an undignified and improbable fiction, which excites neither terror, admiration, nor astonishment, but needlessly debases the strain of the whole work. He is not a 'tucksy spuit' like Ariel, with whom the imagination is irresistibly enamoured. He rather appears to us to be an awkward sort of a mongrel between Puck and Caliban, . . . limited in his powers to the indulgence of petty malignity and the infliction of despicable injuries. Fairies and devils, ghosts, angels and witches are creatures with whom we are all familiar; but the story of 'Gilpin Hoiner' can never have been believed out of the village where he is said to have made his appearance, and has no claims upon the credulity of those who were not originally of his acquaintance."

In answer to this narrow criticism (1) it may be said that the goblin story, so far from being an excrescence on the poem, was really the occasion of its being written "The idea of the goblin page is taken from a being called Gilpin Hoiner, who appeared and made some stay at a farm-house among the Border mountains. Many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition"—SCOTT. In fact it was the Countess of Dalkeith who suggested the story to Scott as the subject for a poem. (2) See Introduction, viii-xi, for a general defence of Scott's conception (3) Observe that Scott does not introduce the page till the reader has been prepared for wonders by the thrilling midnight scene at Melrose



## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

*but rarely trode* Cp 'had trod the path' (Byron) O E troden. [Analyse the construction]  
*rade* or *râd* is the oldest form of the preterite 'Raad' is still used in the North

32 *litherle, an, Gl*

33 *But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band.* This is again a genuine tradition, cp on 1 10, *obs* The attack was made five years after Lord Walter's death

For this attempt Lady Buccleuch and others of the clan were indicted. The bail of some was forfeited, some were bound over to keep the peace, others bound over to appear again. These details are in the law records, so Scott makes even his legal studies supply material for fiction to adorn

Observe the effect of this episode, which illustrates (1) the powers of the dwarf, one of the central figures of the poem, (2) leads by a neat transition to the similar interposition of the dwarf on this occasion, (3) gives an instance of the bitterness of hatred against Ciansoun Cp 1 6 *obs*

*tryst, Gl*

34 *high, fly, sigh* Observe this rhymes in a triplet instead of a couplet. It is awkward to break the sense in the middle of a couplet, so this is a usual way of continuing a sentence to another line. Such changes add to the variety

*cushat dove, Gl.*

*rode eastward* Therefore likely to meet any one who should come from Melrose to Branksome

35 Epilogue *lengthened, observant, withered, mighty.* Observe how each of these epithets helps the sense. A causal sentence with 'since' is concealed in '*observant* page,' and a concessive with 'though' in '*swelled his old veins*' (17).

The interlacing of the Minstrel with his poem is very skilful here. The faint-heartedness of stanza 30, 'my veins are cold, I may not, must not, sing of love,' with the 'failing' of his voice, seems to bring the scene naturally to an end, while the poet has really chosen the break which at once divides the cantos equally, and leaves the audience most on the tiptoe of expectation

*A goblet crowned with mighty wine* Compare Goethe's little ballad, 'Der Sanger,' which brings out the sentiment about the gift of wine. The translation may give the sense, though not the grace, of the original, for those who cannot read German.

He closed his eyes upon the scene,

Then, rapt, he poured his lay,

Up looked each knight with kindled men,

Bent low each lady gay

The king, for music touched his heart,

In glee for the minstrel's art

Bade bring a golden necklet.

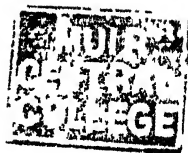
## NOTES TO CANTO II

“No need for me that necklet’s gold,  
A need for knights, su king,  
For knights, before whose glances bold  
Spears shiver in the ring,  
O! well perchance its precious weight  
Would shine amid the golden flight  
Thy chancellor must carry  
“I sing as sings his wild-wood note  
The bird upon the bough,  
The song that swells from singer’s throat  
Is gudeon all enow,  
Of boons are thine, one boon be mine,  
A beaker of your noblest wine  
In purest gold be given!”  
The goblet grasped, he drains it deep,  
That draught his heart uplifts,—  
“Blest, blest by Heaven the lot ye reap,  
Who give nor grudge such gifts!  
In gleeful hour, O think of me,  
And thank the Giver of your glee,  
As I thank thee for welcome!”

*blood of Velez’ scorched vine, &c* Malaga wine ripened by the sun of Southern Spain. Observe the simple grandeur of the expression.

Notice the appropriateness of the Minstrel’s pause at this point

In this canto the action has advanced by Lord Cianstoun’s being brought to Branksome. This seems little, but it must be remembered that the whole action of the poem is comprised in three days and nights, and the second canto only takes us from the first evening, when Deloraine is sent off, to dawn the next day at the castle.



## ETYMOLOGY

### I TEUTONIC WORDS—GRIMM'S LAW.

BEFORE dealing with derivations it is necessary thoroughly to master *Grimm's Law* of the variations of consonants, when represented in the three families of the Indo-Germanic languages—

- (1) in Greek or Latin (and Sanscrit)
- (2) in Old High German
- (3) in Low German, Anglo-Saxon, English.

Thus, if we take the three characteristics of any of the three first conjugations in Greek, we find they go in a regular circle.

Thus the lip-letters go in the series  $\pi \beta \phi \pi \beta$

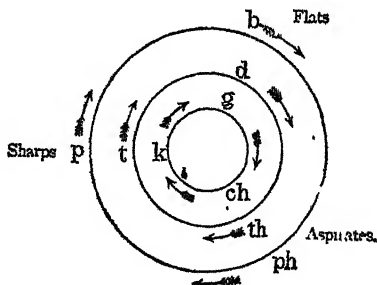
So starting from  $\pi$  we pass to  $\beta$ , and then to  $\phi$  (f)

Starting from  $\beta$  we pass to  $\phi$ , and then by beginning the series again we come to  $\pi$ ,

Starting from  $\phi$  we begin again with  $\pi$ , and then pass on to  $\beta$ .

This law applies in the same way to the teeth and throat letters (but not to the liquids  $l, m, n, r$ , for which cp. III 11).

The order in which they go is sharp, flat, aspirate, sharp, flat, etc.



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## A Lip letters π β φ π β

	Greek	Latin	German	English
1 p, b, f,	ἐΠτα	scP'tem	sieBen	seVen
2 b, f, p,		laBi	schliFFian <sup>2</sup>	shP
3 f, p, b,		Frater	Früoder <sup>3</sup>	Brother

## B Teeth-letters, τ δ θ τ δ

1 t, d, th,		fiaTei	pruDer	broTHer
2 d, th, t,	δύω	duo	Zwei <sup>4</sup>	Two
3 th, t, d,	θυγάτηρ <sup>5</sup>	Toclter		Daughter, <sup>6</sup>

## C Throat-letters, κ γ χ λ γ

1 k, g, ch,	{ Kapδia	Corda	Herz <sup>7</sup>	Heart
	{	oCulus	auGE	cGHe <sup>8</sup> (eYe).
2 g, ch, k,	ἀμελΓειν	milGcie	milCH	milK.
3 ch, k, g,		tia(C)Ho. <sup>9</sup>	traKan <sup>10</sup>	draG <sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> High German was spoken in the South or *High*-lands of Germany, especially in South-east, as Austria, Bavaria, its dialects extending to Alsace and Switzerland. Low German, on the northern shores or *Low*-lands, between the Rhine and Baltic. Through the influence of Luther's Bible, High German has become the literary language of Germany, but many Low German forms have been incorporated in it.

<sup>2</sup> Modern German, *schlupFen*.

<sup>3</sup> Modern German, *brüder*, of which the B belongs to the Low German and the D to the High German. This assimilation to Low German is the first great cause of irregularity.

<sup>4</sup> Zwei for three. This TH is always represented in German by Z or S, (the German th being pronounced like our T). So Gk *Δαυιδ* Lat Domare, Ger Zahmen, Eng Tame. The scarcity of aspirated consonants is the second great cause of irregularity.

<sup>5</sup> This TH is represented in Latin by F. Gk *ὄψ*, Lat Fera, O H Ger Thor, Eng Deer. The Mod Ger word is spelt THier, but pronounced Tier.

<sup>6</sup> Observe that the guttural, in daughter, etc., do not change according to the law here two principles of irregularity come in: (1) that the *hw* can only strictly be applied to the beginning of words, and (2) that consonants, when combined, have a tendency to preserve one another from change. Thus *sp*, *st*, *sc*, would remain unchanged even at the beginning of words and sometimes even *fl* and *fr* seem to pass unchanged from High to Low German—so here the *th* may have preserved the *gh* unchanged from an original *dhugh-* at *u*. The Icelandic 'dotin' is spelt as ours is pronounced, without *gh*.

<sup>7</sup> Herz ought to be Gerz, but H often represents the hard G and CH in both High and Low German.

<sup>8</sup> Edge or eghe is Old English for eye, see 7.

<sup>9</sup> The stem appears in perf. trach-si, travi.

<sup>10</sup> Modern German trachen has the G of the low German form, see 3.

<sup>11</sup> The close connection of these three groups of letters is shown in Welsh, which likes sharp, flat, or aspirate consonants to suit those of the preceding word, thus Pen is 'head' but dy ben, 'thy head', fy mhcn, 'my head', ei phcn, 'her head', so Tad, 'father', changes to dad, mhad, thad. Car, 'himsman', to gar, nghar, char.

*N.B.*—Other examples will be found in Abbott's English Lessons, p. 44. R. Morris's English Accidence, p. 13, Donaldson's New Cerylus, p. 185, Max Müller, second series, chapter v.

*Obs.*—In reference to Latin it must be remembered that

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Grimm's Law only applies to words of kindred meaning coming to us from Anglo-Saxon, and not to Latin words coming to us from Norman, like *benison* from *benedictio*, nor of course to words borrowed straight from the Greek, like *diama*

*Note*—Words which fall under Grimm's law are *not derived* from one another, *but connected* as being derived from the same source: thus, as Max Müller says, they are *brothers and sisters*, not parents and children

### II LATIN WORDS—CONTRACTION

French, like Italian and Spanish, being a Romance language (i.e. of a Roman-ized country), takes words straight from the Latin, contracting their syllables, but not necessarily changing the consonants. So French *délat*, whence our English *delay*, from Lat *dilatāre*,<sup>1</sup> whence also our English *dilatator*. Popular words that come from the Latin through French, suffer CONTRACTION from the disappearance of the unaccented syllables. The vowel next before the accented syllable generally disappears, and so does the middle consonant. This contraction distinguishes the popular words that come down the main stream of French from the learned words, which are formed directly from the Latin. Thus *blame* comes through French *blâme*, but *blasphemy* is formed directly from the Church-Latin *blasphemum*. So *hostel* or *hôtel* is the popular form, and *hospital* the learned form of the Latin *hospitāle*, so *doubt*, with *indubitable*, from *dubitāre*, and *priest*, with *Presbyterian*, from Græco-Latin *presbyter*.<sup>2</sup> The one set betray their Latin origin at a glance, the others have been squeezed into real French words, their weaker syllables having been compressed by a long course of rapid utterance. To use Hoine Tooke's expression, "letters, like soldiers, are apt to desert or drop off in a long march."<sup>3</sup>

*Obs*—Derivations which end with the *Low Latin* of the Middle Ages are to be distrusted. For Low Latin words, when they are not merely corrupted forms of classical Latin, are nothing but the native Celtic or German words in a Latin dress. The French or Frankish language is "full of Teutonic words, more or less Romanized to suit the pronunciation of the Roman inhabitants of Gaul."<sup>4</sup> Thus *fief* appears in Low Latin as *feudum*, but it is really a Teutonic word, cp. under *feudal*.

### III WORD-BUILDING TEUTONIC AND ROMANCE.

Thus the English language is mainly formed of two elements,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Dilatāre* is a late or Low Latin frequentative from Lat *differre*. Observe that the Romance words come from a debased or vulgar Latin, and not from the classical forms, thus *cheval* from *caballus*, and not from *equus*.

<sup>2</sup> See by all means some excellent lists in Abbott's *English Lessons*, pp 45-53.

<sup>3</sup> Cp. Trench, *Words*, p. 167.

<sup>4</sup> Max Müller, cp. R. Morris, *Eng. Accid.* p. 256.

<sup>5</sup> Besides there is (3) a Celtic element, from which we get *glen*, *crag*, *havoc*, *bard*, *claymore*, *plaid*, *pony*, *whisky*, etc., and (4) a Scandinavian

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the Teutonic, which we inherit from the Saxons, and the Romance or Latin element, which came from our Norman conquerors<sup>1</sup>

Each of these elements has its own ways of word-building; whether by particles, prepositions, etc., which they prefix, or by suffixes to put at the end of roots.

Thus Teutonic *a* (an) in *a-way*, *anon*, *amain*.<sup>2</sup>

*be* (by) *be-hest*, *be-shrew*, and cp. note on *be-dazzle*, vi 25, and *by-times*, v 10.

*for*, intensive, *for-lorn*, cp. *lorn*.

*fore*, *fore-bode*, etc.

*un*, *un-toward*, *un-eathe*.

Romance Prefixes—

(a) The Latin prepositions, as *amb* cp. *amice*, *contra* cp. *counter*, *inter* cp. *emprise*, *per* cp. *pilgrim*, (b) also *in* from *minus* cp. *mis-prize* 'mini-ver',<sup>3</sup> *re*, as in *re-cant*, *bene* in *benison*, and *male* in *malison*.

Teutonic Suffixes—

*y*, O.E. *ig*, busy, *ful* as hope-ful.

*-ing*, diminutive, as dailing.

*le* or *er*, as *lither*.

*less* (loose from), homeless.

*ly* (like), lovely.

*some*, blithesome.

*dom*, thanedom, *-ard*, *wizard*.

*ship* (shape), landscape.

Romance Suffixes—

*-y*, Fr., *re* Lat. *ia* or *ium*; *-ion*, *-ment*, *-mony*, *-our* (*-or*)

*-ous*, Lat. *-osus*, *-ive*, Lat. *-ivus*.

*-ary*, Lat. *-arius*, also *-ier*, *bandelier*, *-eer* in *hackbutier*;

*-er* as *palmer*, *squire*, O.F. *esquier*, *career*; *-ar*, *scapular*.

*-al*, Lat. *-alis*, *aventayle*.

*-an*, Lat. *-anus*, pagan.

*Obs.*—The nature of the suffix or prefix is a guide to the origin of the word, but not an infallible one, because word-building went on after the two elements had so blended, that some of their particles became thoroughly English, and were used indifferently after any root that was really naturalized. Such words are called *hybrids*. Teutonic words which have come to us through Low Latin and French are not properly to be classed under this head. Cp. *feudal*.

2 Many changes of consonants are common to both elements—

S into R, as *fisen* for *fisen*, cp. *lorn*.

R into L, as *colonel* (pron. *kurnel*), Span. *coronel*.

M into N, as *ant* for *emmet*, *ransom* for *redemption*.

element, whence bull, dairy, sledge, fellow (cp. *feudal*), stag, *tarn-fell* (a hill, cp. *Glow*), so *call*, though *countess* is from Latin.

<sup>1</sup> Cp. Note on Intro. to Canto I.

<sup>2</sup> Words in *italics* will be found in the Glossary.

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

### IV. DOUBLE FORMS

The richness of the English language is due in great measure to the presence of the two elements, as in 'love' and 'affection,' 'house' and 'mansion,' 'readable' and 'legible' It is also partly due to the great variety of early spelling, as in *stave* and 'staff,' *tyrt* and 'trust,' 'metal' and 'mettle,' 'bite' and 'bit,' 'borne' and 'born,' 'feat' and 'fact,' *aisle* and 'axle'

### V. MISTAKEN DERIVATION CORRUPTION.

Since the changes of language depend on popular use, the key to them will be found in popular instincts One of these is to resolve all unfamiliar combinations of syllables into familiar ones Thus 'wise-acre' has arisen from 'weis-sager' (cp *weisard*) Such changes are especially common when the new form turns what appears an unmeaning combination into one that appears significant Thus, a sailing-boat called by the Greek name of Pterocessa, 'the Winged,' was speedily converted into the 'Tearing Hisser.' So the 'George Canning' inn has already passed into the 'George and Cannon,'<sup>1</sup> 'counter-dance' (face to face dance), into 'country-dance.' Similar changes, after a more learned fashion, have been made by mistaken etymologists. Thus 'posthumous' owes its *h* to the notion that instead of being a superlative of 'posterus,' it has something to do with 'post humum'<sup>2</sup> (after the father is laid in the ground) In such cases the meaning of words has become gradually assimilated to the mistaken derivation. Cp under *roundelay*, and also *valde*, *warison*, and *merry-men*.

### VI. MODIFICATION OF MEANING

- Especially 1. specializing e.g. count, a companion of king, from companion generally; *poet* from *maker* (*ποιητής*), so *dear*, from 'wild beast' generally, Germ. *thier*, Lat *fera*, Gk *θηρ*.<sup>2</sup>
2. generalizing, less commonly but especially from outward and visible to inward and mental, as the English *idea*, meaning a notion or opinion of the mind, from the Greek *idéa*, the form or appearance of a thing, often an actual metaphor is involved, as in to *comprehend* with the mind, which first meant to grasp with the hands, so *spiritual* means 'like breath,' and then generally 'as invisible and intangible as breath is'

<sup>1</sup> Trench, *Eng Past and Pres*, p 320. So the Puritan 'God encompassed' into 'Goat and compasses,' and the family motto 'Catus et fidelis,' into the 'Cat and fiddle.'

<sup>2</sup> Often the meaning is deteriorated, as *amphoton*, so *presently* has, from general unpunctuality, come to mean 'not at the present moment' Compare *Anon*

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THE references in the Glossary to *Tempest*, *Much Ado*, *Coriolanus*, *As You Like It*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, are to Notes in 'Rugby Edition,' Rivingtons

A S —Anglo-Saxon	O F —Old French
O H G —Old High German	O E —Old English
Etym —Etymology, see above	F Q —Spencer's Faery Queen

The following books have been referred to in the Glossary, under their initials —

D —DIEZ, *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Romanischen Sprachen*  
 J —JAMILSON, *Scottish Dictionary*  
 M —R. MORRIS, *English Accidence*  
 N —NAEL, *Glossary*  
 Sc —SCHEFFR, *Dictionnaire d'Etymologie Française*  
 T —ISAAC TAYLOR, *Words and Places*  
 V —VIGFUSSON, *Icelandic Dictionary* (an invaluable work in course of publication by the Clarendon Press)

W —WEDGWOOD, *Dictionary of English Etymology*  
 AB —The Editor has also to acknowledge his obligations to CURTIUS, *Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, which has been constantly consulted, MARTZNER, *Englische Grammatik*, TRENCH, *Words and English Past and Present*. Occasional reference has been made to BURGUY, BRACHER, and LITTRE. Professor PAYNE has kindly given many valuable suggestions



## GLOSSARY TO CANTO II

[Words which have occurred in a previous Canto will be found in the Glossary to that Canto]

aisle, n 9, wing of a church Lat *axilla*, *ala*, Fr *aile*, wing, O H G *ahsala* = Eng axle Etym VI 1  
aloof, n 9, 18, O. E. *a-luffe*, on the *luff* or windward side of a vessel; hence 'out of reach' (so Wedgwood and Matzner. Johnson took it from 'all off') Scott uses it as almost equivalent to *a-loft*, which is *a* (on) *loft*, cp G. *luft*, air, and Eng *loft* (of a barn)

amice, n 19, a square linen cloth that a Catholic priest ties about his neck, hanging down behind, Lat *amictus*, from *amicus*, to throw around, from *amb-* (*ἀμφι*) and *jacio* Etym VI 1

an, n 32, 'if' It is really the same word as *and*, and was so spelt in Early English, e.g. 'and might kiss the king *and* (if) she would,' Piers Ploughman, p 36. 'The peacock, *and* men pursue him, may not fly high,' ib p 242. 'but *and* she have children, they let her live' The second instance shews the force of *and* is to unite the two clauses, so that they stand or fall together, which is just what 'if' does The conditional sense was expressed not by the *and*, but by the subjunctive mood; when the distinction of moods was lost, *if* was added to *and* or *an*, cp. Shakes. Gram § 101-105, and Matzner, p 415 Cp 'But *and if* that evil servant say in his heart,' etc., and for the spelling, 'We steal by lye and level *and* 't like you grace,' Temp IV i 239 (folio), and note in Rugby ed. [The Icelandic *enda* is regularly used with subj for 'and if' in legal phrases like 'if (ef) a suit lie, *and* he name a proxy, then,' etc.: it is also used for 'even if,' or 'even']<sup>2</sup>

arch, n 32, cp *irk* Canto IV Glossary.

atone, n 5. 'to *at-one*,' i.e. 'set *at one*,' 'reconcile,' then 'suffer what is necessary for reconciliation' Cp. Acts vii. 26, 'would have *set* them *at one* again,' cp As You Like It, V iv 72, Coriol IV vi 116

aventayle, n 3, visor of helmet; as *visière* is what is *seen* through, so this is what you *breathe* through Lat *ventus*, *ventilo*; Fr *ventail*, 'air-hole,' Fr *eventail*, 'fan,' Ital. *ventaglia*, 'visor' So Spenser, F. Q. iii. 41, '*vented* up her umbriere,' i.e. raised her visor So ibid 24, 'Through whose bright *ventayle* lifted up on high, his manly face . . . looked forth.' The derivation from *avant-oeil* is ingenious but untrue. Cp on *ventages* (of a pipe), Hamlet, III ii. 373

<sup>2</sup> Cp Virg. *Æn* vi 50 (Conington), "*fors et vota facit*," lit. 'there is a chance *and* (i.e. *that*) he is paying vows,' so Georg ii 80, "*neq. longum tempus est exire arbor*," 'there is no long time *and* (before-that) it shoots up' These are relics of the time when *and* did universal duty in connecting sentences together. For similar instances in Greek, see Jelf, § 752.

# GLOSSARY TO CANTO II

**baldric**, n. 19 'With a wrought Spanish *baldric* bound'  
Cp F Q. vii 29,

"Athwart his brest a *bauldrick* brave he ware,  
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare"  
A belt worn transversely also in sixteenth century for jewelled ornament worn round neck. In F Q v 11, the signs of zodiac are called 'heaven's bright shining *baudricke*' O H G *baldreich*, probably dim of *belt* Cp Lat. *balteus*, It *budriere*, 'a girdle', 'Balteus' was an importation in Latin, and does not follow Grimm's Law.

**burn**, n. 33, a stream. G *brunnen*, Gt. *φρεαρ* or *φρεαρ*, 'a well,' and Lat font. fund-o The full form is Icel *brunnr* (orig *brudnr*) V (Curtius oddly thinks it has to do with *χρῆμα* 'to pour') Etym I

**corbel**, n. 9, basket-like projection from which an arch springs in a wall. Fr *corbeille*, G. *korb*, Lat. *corbus*, all meaning 'basket.' From the kindred Lat *corbita*, a ship of burden, comes *corvette*

**cowl**, n. 18, monk's hood, Lat *cucullus*; O. F *cuoule* Etym. II

**cresset**, n. 26, lantern on a pole, properly a hollow pan filled with oil or combustibles. cruse (of oil), cruet, crock, crockery, crucible(?) G. *krug*, 'a jug' W. (Others Fr *crache*, 'grease,' Sch.)

**drie**, or **dree**, n. 5, 'in penance drie,' i.e. to endure, 'to hold out,' so in Chevy Chase,

"There was never a man one foot would flee, but still in stow did stand

Heaving on each other while they might *dre*, with many a baleful biand."

So in Burns, 'to *dree* one's weuld' (fate) is to 'suffer penance,' and in Chaucer, 'The longe night this wondrous sight I *drye*,' i.e. endure A. S. *dreog-an*, 'suffer' So adj *druch*, *dreagh*, tedious, to *dratch*, 'to linger.' [Supposed to be akin to A. S. *drag-en*; G. *tragen*, Eng *drag*, Lat. *trahere* (moras), but the roots seem different] Cp Icel *drygja*, commit a sin, Welsh, *drug*, evil

**fain**, n. 24, glad Cp "he was fain to eat of the husks," Luke xv. 16. So K Lear iv. vii 38 A. S. *fagan* Icel *fagna*, to rejoice, *fagnn*, glad. Wedgwood compares Eng *fawn*, 'to seem glad'

**fell**, n. 19, adj. cruel, fierce. This is the same word as felon, so

"The *felloun* storms of ne 'gan hyr to shake"

So 'no beast so felon [is]' (The old derivation from Lat *fel*, gall, is given up) Wedgwood suggests a Celtic root,—*gwall*, bad, *feallan*, traitor, Is it not 'the man who *falls* or slays?' cp O. H. G. *fillo*, 'executioner,' and Law Latin, '*felo de se*,' 'self-murderer.'

# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

**f**inders, **u** 6, or *fleuders*, Scotch for 'splinters,' formed from 'to split,' so *flitters* is used for small pieces. Observe how the 'p' changes into 'f' as soon as the protecting 's' is gone. Etym 1 note 6

**flout**, **u** 1, 'to mock,' Scotch 'flyte,' to scold. **J**  
**jennet**, **u** 8, or *genet*, a small Spanish horse. Sp *gineco*, a light horseman of the Berber tribe of *Zeneta*, employed by the Moorish Sultans of Granada. W So *gennet*, Oth 1 i 114

**list**, **u** 13, originally impersonal as 'him listed,' i.e. it listed to him, (so 'if you please' is 'if it please you,' cp methinks, Canto III Glossary), then personal, as v 4, to wish for, desire. Eng *lust*, *lust-less*, Spenser's *lust-less*, 'without pleasure in work.' Cp *lust-y*, 'merry,' G *lusten* W

**litherlie**, **u** 32, 'waspish, arch, and litherlie,' i.e. loose, disorderly, *lither*,<sup>1</sup> 'idle,' as in Milton for Magistrates, 'in his feats not lither,' i.e. not inactive in action. So 'love breeds numbness or *lytherness* or languishing in my joints'—(LILY, Endymion). *Litherlie* in Scotch is adv 'lazily,' *lither* and *ladder*, 'idle.' So Icelandic, *lati*; Eng *late*, *lazy*

**palmer**, **u** 19, pilgrims or crusaders, when they came to Jordan, carried a *palm* in their hand and a cross on their breast

**Peynim**, **u** 12, pagan, heathen, Saracen. Lat. *paganus*, a village, *paganus*, villagers, who, like the 'heathen,' or wild dwellers on the 'heaths,' adhered to the old superstitions long after the more educated inhabitants of the towns had been Christianized. Cp Trench on Words, p. 100. Etym vi

**pen**, **u** 5, 'to confine.' Cp *Sheep-pen*, *pound*, and *mill-pond*, which is dammed up. W

**scutcheon**, **u** 10, or *escutcheon*, the shield on which the coat of arms is drawn. O F *escusson*, Fi *cusson*, *den*, a buckle; Lat. *scutum*, Gr *σκυτος*, hide. Cp also Lat *cutis*, G *haut*, Eng *hide*, skin

**tryst**, **u** 33, or *trist*, an appointed meeting at a *trysting*-place, so to keep *tryst*, break *tryst*. The Scotch *trant* is used for both *trist* and *tryst*. Eng *trust*, true, truth, tideth, G *trauen*. Cp Etym iv

**ween**, **u** 29, G *wahnen*, 'to imagine'

**wizard**, **u** 19, the wise man or enchanter. (Cp G *wies-sager*, a wise-man or prophet, whence our malformation *wise-acre*, cp Etym v, so the termination in *wis-sager* had nothing to do with *sagen*, to say). The word is spelt *wisard* in Spenser, F Q ii 15 53, with the termination -aid it is like Gk *σοφιστής*, as compared with *σοφός* (Milton uses it of the Magi). In Italian it becomes *guiscard*, (O F *guscart*), so Robert and Roger Guiscard, the Norman conquerors of Sicily, were simply Roger and Robert, the wizards or the wise. Cp Kitchin, Spenser ii)

<sup>1</sup> Nares identifies *lither* with *lithe*, supple, yielding, but surely *lithe* goes with *lithesome*, *lissome*, and old Eng. *lith*, a joint, G *glied*

### CANTO THIRD.

#### I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,  
And that I might not sing of love?—  
How could I, to the dearest theme  
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false a recitant prove!  
How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

10

#### II

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed,  
In halls, in gay attire is seen;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

#### III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,  
While, pondering deep the tender scene,  
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green. 20  
But the page shouted wild and shrill,  
And scarce his helmet could he don,  
When downward from the shady hill  
A stately knight came pricking on.  
That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,  
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;  
His armour red with many a stain.  
He seem'd in such a weary plight,  
As if he had ridden the live-long night;  
For it was William of Deloraine. 30

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

### IV

But no whit weary did he seem,  
When, dancing in the sunny beam,  
He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest ;  
For his ready spear was in his rest.

Few were the words, and stern and high,  
That marked the foemen's feudal hate,  
For question fierce, and proud reply,  
Gave signal soon of die debate  
Their very courses seem'd to know  
That each was other's mortal foe, 40  
And snorted fire, when wheel'd around  
To give each knight his vantage-ground

### V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;  
He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer ;  
The prayer was to his patron saint,  
The sigh was to his ladye fair.  
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor pray'd,  
Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid,  
But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,  
And spun'd his steed to full career. 50  
The meeting of these champions proud  
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

### VI

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !  
The stately Baron backwards bent ;  
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,  
And his plumes went scattering on the gale :  
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,  
Into a thousand splinters flew  
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,  
Pieced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ; 60  
Through shield, and jack, and action, past,  
Deep in his bosom broke at last —  
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,  
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,  
Down went the steed, the guthing broke,  
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse  
The Baron onward pass'd his course ;  
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—  
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

# CANTO THIRD

## VII

But when he rem'd his courser round, 70  
 And saw his foeman on the ground  
 Lie senseless as the bloody clay,  
 He bade his page to stanch the wound,  
 And there beside the warrior stay,  
 And tend him in his doubtful state,  
 And lead him to Branksome castle gate .  
 His noble mind was inly moved  
 For the kinsman of the maid he loved  
 "This shalt thou do without delay ;  
 No longer here myself may stay , 80  
 Unless the swifter I speed away,  
 Short shift will be at my dying day."

## VIII

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;  
 The Goblin-Page behind abode ,  
 His lord's command he ne'er withstood,  
 Though small his pleasure to do good.  
 As the corslet off he took,  
 The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book '  
 Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,  
 Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride . 90  
 He thought not to search or stanch the wound,  
 Until the secret he had found

## IX

The iron band, the iron clasp,  
 Resisted long the elfin grasp ;  
 For when the first he had undone,  
 It closed as he the next begun  
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,  
 Would not yield to unchristen'd hand  
 Till he smcar'd the cover o'er  
 With the Boiderei's cuddled goie ; 100  
 A moment then the volume spread,  
 And one short spell therein he read,  
 It had much of glamour might,  
 Could make a ladye seem a knight ;  
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall  
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall ,  
 A nut-shell seem a gilded baige,  
 A sheeling seem a palace large,

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And youth seem age, and age seem youth—  
All was delusion, nought was truth.

110

### X

He had not read another spell,  
When on his cheek a buffet fell,  
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,  
Beside the wounded Deloiaine  
From the ground he rose dismay'd,  
And shook his huge and matted head;  
One word he mutter'd, and no more,  
"Man of age, thou smitest sore!"  
No more the Elfin Page durst try  
Into the wondrous Book to pry  
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,  
Shut faster than they were before  
He hid it underneath his cloak—  
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,  
I cannot tell, so mote I thrive,  
It was not given by man alive.

120

### XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd  
To do his master's high behest:  
He lifted up the living coise,  
And laid it on the weary horse.  
He led him into Blanksome Hall,  
Before the beards of the warders all;  
And each did after swear and say,  
There only pass'd a wain of hay  
He took him to Lord David's tower,  
Even to the Lady's secret bower,  
And but that stronger spells were spread,  
And the door might not be open'd,  
He had laid him on her very bed.  
Whate'er he did of guile or guerd,  
Was always done maliciously,  
He flung the warrior on the ground,  
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

130

140

### XII

As he repass'd the outer court,  
He spied the fair young child at sport;  
He thought to train him to the wood;

### CANTO THIRD

For, at a word, be it understood,  
 He was always for ill, and never for good.  
 Seem'd to the boy some comrade gay  
 Led him forth to the woods to play, 150  
 On the drawbridge the warders stout  
 Saw a tierrier and lurcher passing out

#### XIII

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,  
 Until they came to a woodland brook,  
 The running stream dissolved the spell,  
 And his own elvish shape he took  
 Could he have had his pleasure wilde,  
 He had crippled the joints of the noble child,  
 Or, with his fingers long and lean,  
 Had strangled him in fiendish spleen: 160  
 But his awful mother he had in dread,  
 And also his power was limited,  
 So he but scowl'd on the startled child,  
 And darted through the forest wild;  
 The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,  
 And laugh'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

#### XIV.

Full sore amaz'd at the wondrous change,  
 And frighten'd as a child might be,  
 At the wild yell and visage strange,  
 And the dark words of gramarye, 170  
 The child amidst the forest bower,  
 Stood rooted like a lily flower,  
 And when at length, with trembling pace,  
 He sought to find where Thanksome lay,  
 He fear'd to see that grisly face,  
 Glare from some thicket on his way.  
 Thus, starting off, he journey'd on,  
 And deeper in the wood is gone,—  
 For aye the more he sought his way,  
 The further still he went astray, — 180  
 Until he heard the mountains round  
 Ring to the baying of a hound

#### XV

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouth'd bark  
 Comes nigher still, and nigher



# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,  
 His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,  
 And his red eye shot fire.  
 Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,  
 He flew at him right furiouslie  
 I ween you would have seen with joy 190  
 The bearing of the gallant boy,  
 When, worthy of his noble sue,  
 His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire!  
 He faced the blood-hound manfully,  
 And held his little bat on high,  
 So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,  
 At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd,  
 But still in act to spring,  
 When dash'd an archer through the glade,  
 And when he saw the hound was stay'd, 200  
 He drew his tough bow-string,  
 But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy!  
 Ho! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy!"

## XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,  
 And check'd his fellow's surly mood,  
 And quell'd the ban-dog's ire  
 He was an English yeoman good,  
 And born in Lancashire  
 Well could he hit a fallow-deer  
 Five hundred feet him fro; 210  
 With hand more true, and eye more clear,  
 No archer bended bow  
 His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,  
 Set off his sun-burn'd face  
 Old England's sign, St George's cross,  
 His barret-cap did grace,  
 His bugle-horn hung by his side,  
 All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;  
 And his short falchion, sharp and clear,  
 Had pierced the throat of many a deer. 220

## XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,  
 Reach'd scantily to his knee,  
 And, at his belt, of arrows keen  
 A furbish'd sheaf bore he,

# CANTO THIRD

His buckler scarce in breadth a span,  
 No larger fence had he,  
 He never counted him a man,  
 Would strike below the knee.  
 His slacken'd bow was in his hand,  
 And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band 230

## XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,  
 But held him with his powerful arm,  
 That he might neither fight nor flee;  
 For when the Red-Cross spied he,  
 The boy strove long and violently  
 "Now by St. George," the archer cries,  
 "Edward, methinks we have a prize!  
 This boy's fair face, and courage free,  
 Show he is come of high degree."

## XIX.

"Yes! I am come of high degree, 240  
 For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;  
 And, if thou dost not set me free,  
 False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!  
 For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,  
 And William of Deloraine, good at need,  
 And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed;  
 And if thou dost not let me go,  
 Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,  
 I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!"—

## XX.

"Glamercy, for thy good-will, fair boy! 250  
 My mind was never set so high;  
 But if thou art chief of such a clan,  
 And art the son of such a man,  
 And ever comest to thy command,  
 Our wardens had need to keep good order;  
 My bow of yew to a hazel wand,  
 Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.  
 Meantime be pleased to come with me,  
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see,  
 I think our work is well begun, 260  
 When we have taken thy father's son."

# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

## XXI.

Although the child was led away,  
In Blanksome still he seem'd to stay,  
For so the Dwarf his part did play,  
And, in the shape of that young boy,  
He wrought the castle much annoy.  
The comrades of the young Buccleuch  
He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew;  
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.  
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,  
And as Sym Hall stood by the fire,  
He lighted the match of his bandelier,  
And wofully scoich'd the hackbuteer.  
It may be hardly thought or said,  
The mischief that the urchin made,  
Till many of the castle guess'd,  
That the young Baron was possess'd !

270

## XXII

Well I ween the charm he held  
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd :  
But she was deeply busied then  
To tend the wounded Deloraine.  
Much she wonder'd to find him lie,  
On the stone threshold stretch'd along ;  
She thought some spirit of the sky  
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,  
Because, despite her precept dread,  
Perchance he in the Book had read ;  
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,  
And it was earthly steel and wood.

280

## XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood,  
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound.  
No longer by his couch she stood,  
But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,  
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.  
William of Deloraine, in trance,  
Whene'er she turned it round and round,  
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound  
Then to her maidens she did say, .

290

300

# CANTO THIRD

That he should be whole man and sound,  
 Within the course of a night and day  
 Full long she toil'd; for she did rue  
 Mishap to friend so stout and true

## XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,  
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell,  
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,  
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm,  
 E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,  
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour 310  
 Fair more fair Margaret loved and bless'd  
 The hour of silence and of rest.  
 On the high turret sitting lone,  
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone;  
 Touch'd a wild note, and all between  
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.  
 Her golden hair stream'd free from band,  
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,  
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar,  
 For lovers love the western star. 320

## XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,  
 That rises slowly to her ken,  
 And, spreading broad its wavering light,  
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night?  
 Is yon red glare the western star?—  
 Oh! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!  
 Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,  
 For well she knew the fire of death!

## XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing strong,  
 And blew his war-note loud and long, 330  
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,  
 Rock, wood, and river rung around.  
 The blast alarm'd the festal hall,  
 And startled forth the warriors all,  
 Far, downward, in the castle yard,  
 Full many a torch and cresset glared;  
 And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,  
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost,

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And spears in wild disorder shook,  
Like reeds beside a frozen brook. 340

### XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair  
Was reddened by the torches' glare,  
Stood in the midst with gesture proud,  
And issued forth his mandates loud.—  
"On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,  
And three are kindling on Priestthaugh-swine  
Ride out, ride out,  
The foe to scout!  
Mount, mount for Branksome every man!  
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan, 350  
That ever are true and stout—  
Ye need not send to Liddesdale,  
For when they see the blazing bale,  
Elliot and Armstrongs never fail;  
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!  
And warn the Warder of the strife.  
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,  
Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."

### XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,  
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread, 360  
While loud the harness rung,  
As to their seats with clamour dread,  
The ready horsemen sprung;  
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,  
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,  
And out! and out!  
In hasty rout,  
The horsemen gallop'd forth;  
Dispersing to the south to scout,  
And east, and west, and north, 370  
To view their coming enemies,  
And warn their vassals and allies.

### XXIX.

The ready page with hurried hand,  
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,  
And ruddy blush'd the heaven  
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,

### CANTO THIRD

Waved like a blood-flag on the sky  
 All flaming and uneven,  
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,  
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen,      380  
 Each with wailike tidings fraught;  
 Each from each the signal caught;  
 Each after each they glanced to sight,  
 As stars arise upon the night.  
 They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,  
 Haunted by the lonely eam,  
 On many a cairn's grey pyramid,  
 Where uns of mighty chiefs lie hid;  
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,  
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law;      390  
 And Lothian heard the Regent's order,  
 That all should bowne them for the Border

#### XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang  
 The ceaseless sound of steel,  
 The castle-bell, with backward clang,  
 Sent forth the larum peal.  
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,  
 Where massy stone and iron bar  
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,      400  
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower,  
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,  
 And watch-word from the sleepless ward.  
 While, wearied by the endless din,  
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

#### XXXI.

The noble Dame amid the boil,  
 Shaved the grey Seneschal's high toil,  
 And spoke of danger with a smile;  
 Cheer'd the young knights, and counsel sage  
 Held with the chiefs of riper age      410  
 No tidings of the foe were brought,  
 Nor of his numbers knew they aught,  
 Nor what, in time of truce, he sought.  
 Some said that there were thousands ten;  
 And others ween'd that it was nought,  
 But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,  
 Who came to gather in black mail,

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And Liddesdale with small avail,  
Might drive them lightly back again  
So pass'd the anxious night away,  
And welcome was the peep of day

420

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng  
Applaud the Master of the Song,  
And marvel much in helpless age,  
So hard should be his pilgrimage  
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,  
His wandering toil to share and cheer;  
No son to be his father's stay,  
And guide him on the rugged way?  
"Ay, once he had—but he was dead!"  
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,  
And busied himself the strings withal,  
To hide the tear, that fain would fall.  
In solemn measure, soft and slow,  
Arose a father's notes of woe.

430

## NOTES TO CANTO III

1 The effect of this introduction is enhanced by the Minstrel's refusal, ll. 30, happily expressed by the repetition in the first four lines, leading up to the climax, 'not sing of love.'

The dramatic point to be noticed is the warmth of feeling in the lines, which brings the scene, with the 'cordial nectar,' vividly before us.

The artistic point is the fitness of the prelude here. The power of love has been shewn as well by the superhuman powers who have favoured it (l. 17) as by those who have been summoned to oppose it (ll. 21), Cranstoun is risking his life for it. Deloraine's mission is to thwart it: this is the meeting-point of the two streams, and though it may seem that only the lives of the combatants are at stake, the sequel shews that further issues are involved, cp. ll. 11 with v. 15, 24, 26.

*how could I name* The Minstrel vindicates his character again at the end of v. 13.

2 Observe how skilfully the rhythm of this stanza is made to harmonize with the softness of the feeling. It is in the same four-foot iambic metre as the last stanza, and the impression produced (which most nearly resembles that of a sonnet) is due, firstly, to the regular arrangement of the words in the four first lines, and secondly, to the rather subtle alliteration *p, t, c*, all similar letters, will be found to strike the ear in a kind of harmonious succession. In the earliest English poetry alliteration held the place that rhyme now does; but in so consonantal a language as English it must always be of great importance. Milton is a master in it. Cp. 'English Lessons for English Readers,' pp. 183, 184.

Another point to be noticed is the personification of Love. Because love impels men to their different actions, it is represented almost as a Being performing them. In the same way 'gaunt' is a common epithet for 'Famine,' 'pale' for 'Fear.' See 'English Lessons,' p. 133.

*shepherd's road.* Cp. end of l. 27 and note.

*heaven is love* Cp. "strong son of God, immortal Love," Intro. to Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' So in the verse, "faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is *charity*," the word charity, Lat. 'caritas,' means *love* for one's kind. Observe that 'heaven' is really used in two senses in this epigram.

3 *pondering the scene* This construction is more correct than the modern 'ponder on,' though that is used in Shakspeare, since 'ponder' means 'to weigh mentally,' Lat. 'pondero,' cp. Luke



## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

11 19, "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart"

*don*, Gl

*shady hill*. Notice how 'shady' accounts for the fact in the line before

*pricking on* 'Prick,' to spui, cp 'honour *pricks* me on,' Shakspeare Henry IV v 1 131, then intuitively as here, 'pricking [his horse] on,' so commonly in Spenser

4 *crane* "The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a *crane* dormant, holding a *stone* in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want*"—SCOTT

*ready spear* Notice the different uses of epithets, this is a 'phrase-epithet,' and is really a predicate, for it anticipates the notion of the verb. Such anticipating epithets are called *proleptic* (πρό, λαμβάνω). A common epithet is true *before* the action begins, a proleptic epithet not till *after*; cp *tightened breath*, 25 *in his rest*. Cp Dryden's Knight's Tale

"Their vizors closed, their lances in the *rest*,

Or at the helmet pointed or the crest"

So our 'gun-rest,' etc Cp *couch*, Gl

*debate*, Gl

5 *Delorance nor sigh'd nor pray'd*. Cp 11 6.

*couch*, Gl.

*career* Another term of Norman chivalry, see Gl.

*The meeting of these champions proud*

*Seem'd like the bus stung thunder-cloud*

The difference between a simile and a metaphor is this—A simile expresses the likeness at length between two objects, under the form 'as . . . so' So here—as the thunder-cloud *so* was the meeting. A metaphor is a condensed simile. It *transfers* (μετέω, φέρω) the relation between one set of objects to the relation between another set. So in stanza 15 the line, "And his red eye shot fire" contains a metaphor. Expanded into a simile this would be, 'As the hearth shoots out sparks of fire, so his eye shot forth glances of rage.' The epithet 'red,' which might be prosaically true of the dog's eye, has a poetical beauty when illustrated by 'fire.' As a general rule, it may be said that in a simile the poet is speaking with more personality, more directly from himself, than in the metaphor. The finest similes, therefore, are found in epic or dramatic poems, where the poet himself tells the story, metaphors are more fitted for the quicker motion of the drama.

6 *dunt, lent* ('to lene'), *flunders, jacks, acton*, Gl

*sate* The *e* here represents the inflection of third persons past indicative, which in fact was pronounced long, like *fate* (and not like *fat*), the O E form being *satt*, cp 'to eat,' perf. 'ate,' 'to bid,' 'bade'

## NOTES TO CANTO III

*sadille-fast* A poetic compound *fast*, in the sense of firm (G *fest*, *fasten*, 'to seize,' *fastened*, as in *hold-fast*, make *fast*, play *fast* and loose), seems becoming less common than in the sense of 'swift' (Welsh *ffest*, Lat *fest-ino* (?) 'to hasten'). The Welsh only use it in the latter sense. 'Fast' in Scotch is used for 'forward,' like our slang 'fast'

7 *bade*, cp on *sate*, 6 To *stanch*, we omit 'to' after 'bid,' but cp Hen V II. iv 104,

"Bids you

Deliver up the crown and to take pity"

The infinitive was originally marked by an ending in *-en*, but when this was lost, 'to' was used before the infinitive, at first the usage varied much as to what verbs required the 'to' and what should be used like auxiliaries without it (cp Abbott, 'Shaks. Gram' § 349). Scott avails himself of the varying usage of the earlier ballad writers

*had him to Branksome* Notice the concealed art here. The action is quite simple; the motive natural, both on grounds of common humanity and because it was the 'kinsman of the maid he loved'; yet from the Dwarf's going there with the wounded man spring the loss of the heir of Branksome (iii 13), the proposal of the single combat (iv 32), Ciansoun's counterfeit of Deloiaime and the consequent reconciliation (v 24-26) Cp. i. 6, *Obs.*

8 *The Dwarf espied the mighty book.* For the importance of this see the preceding note and the full revelation contained in v 27. Scott having determined, rightly or wrongly, to make the goblin page the centre of the story, secures a unity for the poem by making the action of the story depend on the Dwarf's intervention. Deloiaime's ride has had the double result of causing his combat with Ciansoun, and of increasing the Dwarf's power by bringing the magic book into his hands

*book-bosom'd priest* "There is a tradition that friars were wont to come from Melrose, and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosomes, they were called by the inhabitants book-a-bosomes"—SCOTT

*thought not to stanch* 'Think to,' should mean 'intend to,' as in *Introd* (Gram iv), but here it implies more, 'thought not of stanching,' cp note on 'bade to stanch' in 7

9 *glamour, sheeling*, Gl.

*nut-shell* A common subject for conjuring, cp Douglas' description of the Jay as a juggler—

"He could work wonders, what way that he willed

Make a gray goos a gold gauland,

A long spear of a beetle [mallet] for a baron bold

Nobilis of nut-shells, silver of sand"

<sup>2</sup> Cp *Introd* p 15

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Scott also quotes Froissart's account of a necromancer, who made a sea-gut castle surrender in terror at an illusion of the sea rising so high as to threaten to come over the walls, and then offered to win the castle back again by another illusion of a bridge to carry the assailants over the surrounding sea. The assailant was, however, too chivalrous to use such instruments, and ordered his servants to cut off the head of the magician, who apparently had no 'black art' ready to secure his escape from this contingency.

10 *Man of age* Cp 11 19

*who gave the stroke* Scott quotes a story of an old magistrate whose studies of magic had never enabled him to raise any familiar spirit except one who came uncalled, and with an invisible hand gave him a familiar but uncomfortable clasp on the back. The belief in this blow was so rooted in the old magistrate's mind, that, notwithstanding his studies of evidence, no proof of a future life seemed to convince him till a friend said 'assume yourself the goblin who clapped you on the back will be the first to welcome you into the other world.'

*note* Gl

11 *beliest, gramarye, Gl*

12 *at a word* In a word, in short.

*seemed* [It] seemed [that], so 'him [it] listed,' 11 13 Poetry clips the parts of speech which have merely a grammatical significance; cp notes on *Introd* iv, 'The harp a king,' and *Coriol* II. iii 147, [it] remains, "That . . . you Anon do meet the senate." The sentence beginning with 'that' being the subject to 'seemed,' etc, the omission of 'it' is logically more correct. Cp 'Shaks Gram' § 404

13 *fell, wilde, Gl.*

*the running stream, etc.* "It is a firm article of popular faith that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable Tam o' Shanter turns entirely upon such a circumstance—"a running stream they dare na cross." . . . Blompton informs us that certain Irish wizards could by spells convert earthen clods or stones into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream"—SCOTT

*had crippled* Think what mood this is

*but scowled* But, i.e. *by-out* or *with-out* means originally *except* its use for *only* comes from the omission of a negative, so here, he [did nothing], *except that* [he] scowled. So 'no but' is vulgarly used for *only* Cp 'Shaks Gram' § 128.

*lost, lost, lost.* Cp Editor's *Introd.* p. viii.

14 *gramarye, bower, a-stray, Gl.*

*like a lily.* Cp on § above for the distinction between simile

## NOTES TO CANTO III

and metaphor and notice that there is a metaphor in the word 'rooted' because it is literally untrue. Observe too the effective contrast between the delicate lily and the ruggedness of the forest 'wild,' with its 'thickets,' 'bank, and fell;' as also between the Dwarf's malicious nature in the last stanza, the boy's bewildered innocence in this, the fierceness of the bloodhound in the next, and then the yeoman's calm strength rising above his fellow's surliness. The passage seems to secure all the pathos which is the charm of the simple style without losing force and grace. Notice the fitness of the words, glare, ring, etc., and the picturesque of the epithets *dark* words of magic, *grizzly* face, *deep mouthed* bark, etc. Compare it with the canons in Abbott, §§ 42, 45, 57.

*the more, the farther.* 'The' is here the O E *thê*, the instrumental case of 'the,'—by what the more, by that the further Cp. Lat. *eo magis*

15 *red eye* Cp. on 5.

*wilder'd* Cp. notes on Introd. Etymol. v.

*furiouslie* The adverbial suffix -ly was originally *lic-e*, abl of *lic*, which was the adjectival suffix

*wet cheek.* Observe the terseness of the epithet which implies the tears.

*little bat* A mark of the simple style. Cp. Abbott, § 57

16 *ban-dog, barret-cap, baldric*, Gl.

*fro* An old and simpler form of *from*, the *m* being a superlative suffix Cp. *pro*, *πρὸ* and *for-th*, further, *fai*

*all* is an adverb like 'al-together,' used as a particle for mere emphasis Cp. on 'full many,' Introd. Gram. IV.

17 *kirtle, furbish*, Gl.

Imitated, as Scott tells us, from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers in *Polyolbion*.—

"Their baldrics, set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,  
To which, under their arms, their sheafs were buckled fast;

A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,—

Who struck below the knee not counted then a man "

Scott quotes from Froissart two cases, where in tilting the English knight ran his spear into the Frenchman's thigh, and "the English knights were right sore displeased and said how it was a foul stroke "

18 *methinks*, Gl.

19 *rue*, Gl.

*hang'd to feed the crow* Cp. Caesar's threat to the pirates, that he would crucify them, though he was their captive

20 *gramercy*, Gl.

*thy command* Distinguish the different senses of this word.

23 *But she has ta'en, etc* This method of surgery by dressing

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the weapon which had given the wound was called the cure by sympathy, and cases of it were published as late as 1658. Its recorded successes are credible enough, as nothing but water and clean linen was allowed to touch the wound itself.

*salved the splinter* Scott quotes, as before, on the authority of Sir Kenelm Digby, a case of such sympathy, when the garter, with which the wounded hand was first bound up, was washed, the wounded man, though not in contact with it, 'felt a pleasing kind of fieshness which took away the inflammation,' and when the garter was dried before the fire he felt the burning return. So in Dryden's version of the 'Tempest' Ariel teaches Miranda how to ease Hippolito's wound by 'anointing the sword, which pierced him, with the weapon-salve.'

*within a night and day* The time occupied by the poem is three nights and three days (see Scott's preface.)

I. Deloraine's Night-ride, l. 1—11 24, "the knight breathed free in the *morning* wind."

(1) His Combat with Cianstoun, to l. 24, "so passed the day, the *evening* fell."

II. The Watch-fires, to l. 31, "welcome was the peep of *day*."

(2) The Arrival of the Army, to v. 7, "the sun's *declining* ray."

III. Making the Lists, to v. 10 "he viewed the *dawning* day."

(3) The Combat, which was to be at "the fourth hour from the peep of dawn" (cp. iv. 23)

The Espousal before "the merry hour of noon," vi. 6  
The Feast.

The Disappearance of the Dwarf, "before the *sinking* day," vi. 24.

*N.B.*—The Bridal and the Day of Intercession are only alluded to as beyond the action of the poem, vi. 28, 31.

Deloraine no doubt recovered at the end of the night and day, as the Lady thought he had (v. 15), but he fortunately 'slept' long the next morning (cp. v. 27 with 24).

24. Jeffrey chooses this and the two following stanzas as an illustration "of the prodigious improvement which the style of the old romance is capable of receiving from a more liberal admixture of pathetic sentiments and gentle affections. The effect of the picture is finely assisted by the contrast of its two compartments, peace and alarm."

*The air was mild, etc.* Compare the opening lines of Byron's 'Pansina'—

"It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whispered word;

# NOTES TO CANTO III

And gentle winds and waters near  
 Make music to the lonely ear,  
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
 And in the sky the stars are met,  
 And on the wave is deeper blue,  
 And on the leaf a browner hue,  
 And in the heavens that clear obscure,  
 So softly dark and darkly pure,  
 Which follows the decline of day  
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away "

*For lovers love the western star.* See Catullus' bridal-song,  
 'Vesper adest,' etc., and Campbell's verses to the 'Evening  
 Star.'

" Gem of the crimson-coloured even,  
 Companion of retiring day,  
 Why at the closing gates of heaven,  
 Belovéd star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns  
 When soft the tear of twilight flows;  
 So due thy plighted love returns  
 To chambers brighter than the rose,

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love  
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,  
 Sure some enamoured orb above  
 Descends and burns to meet with thee!

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour  
 When all unheavenly passions fly,  
 Chased by the soul-subduing power  
 Of Love's delicious witchery."

25 *Pen*, Gl Chryst seems to be Christ as Chrystis-mess is  
 Christ-mas.

*Shakes its loose tresses* See note on iii 5. So κομήτης, (long-  
 haired) comet The same metaphor is 'hidden to death' in  
 i Henry VI i i 2.

"Comets importing change of times and states  
 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars."

*tightened breath.* Think what kind of epithet this is.

26 *cresset*, Gl

*Like reeds beside a frozen brook.* Notice the compression of  
 meaning by a well-chosen epithet. The cutting wintry wind  
 that shakes the reeds is implied in the 'frozen.'

27 *Seneschal*, *bale*, Gl.

*bale of fire* "The Border beacons, from their number and

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position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. The Act of Parliament 1455 directs that one bale or faggot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner, two bales, that they are *coming indeed*, four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force"—SCOTT. So Æschylus in the *Agamemnon* describes the news of the taking of Troy as being brought to Argos by a chain of beacon-fires. Many English hills still keep the name of Telegraph Hill. On these a tall pole or tree was set up with an iron bar across, ready to hold a tar-barrel.

*Priesthaugh-swine*. Obviously a beacon hill. So we find *haugh* is cairn (see Gl.), and *swine* or *sware* is the 'neck' or 'shoulder' of a hill, like Lat. *jugum*.

*Ride out, etc.* These lines of two feet are the word of command—short and sharp.

*Todrig, Johnstone, and Elliots* are not names to improve the harmony of a verse. Scott was probably led to retain them by his antiquarianism.

28 *harness*, Gl.

*warn their vassals*. Compare the account of the Fiery Cross in *Lady of Lake*, iii. 8-24.

29 *And ruddy blush'd the heaven*. See note on iii. 5.

*need-fire*, beacon.

*fraught, freighted*.

*tarn, earn, can n, bowne, Larv*, Gl.

*Dun-edin*, or Edinburgh, the *dun* or hill fort of *Edwin*, king of Northumbria, who extended his kingdom to the shores of the Forth, cp. *Lon-don*, so *Lug-dun-um*, the lake-fort, now Lyons. Taylor, *Words and Places*, p. 148.

30 *larum, keep, ban-dog*, Gl.

31 *seneschal, black-mail*, Gl.

*agen*, an old form of *a-gam*, i.e. *on-gean*, cp. *gam-say* and *G. ent-gegen*.

*withal*, this emphatic form of *with* is used for *with* after the object at the end of a sentence; cp. 'Such a fellow is not to be balked withal,' *Meas. for Meas.* v. 1. 347. *Shaksp. Gram.* 196.

32 *Epilogue*. Notice the softness given to the lines—*In solemn measure, etc.*, by the alliteration. The pathos of this little ending to the Canto is none the less touching for its conciseness and simplicity.

We have seen that Deloraine's encounter with Lord Cranstoun, as well as the loss of the young Buccleuch, is of the greatest importance to the story. The English attack happening just afterwards, brings on the catastrophe or turning-point of the action.

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO III.

[Words which have occurred in a previous Canto will be found in the Glossary to that Canto]

acton, III 6, leathern jacket stuffed with *cotton*, and worn under a coat of mail Arab *al-qō-ton*, the cotton, Pïovençal, *alcotō*, O F *augeton*, Fr *hoqueton* Etym VI 1

a-stray, III 14, 'on stay,' *stray* from O F *estrayer*, Lat *extra-rūs*, so 'stranger' from 'extra-neus' A hybrid. Etym. III obs

aye, III 14, 'ever,' Goth *arw*, G *ew-ig*, cp O. E. *af-re* (dat.) 'ev-er' Gk *ἀει*, aīF-el, Lat *æv-um*, æ(vi)-tas M. W

bale, III 27, beacon-faggot. Scotch *bayle-fire*, a bonfire or funeral pile, A. S. *bael-fyr*, funeral pile, used by Caedmon of sacrifice of Isaac: so Icelandic *bál*, flame or pyre [This is quite different from Eng. bale, i.e. ball or round pack of any goods, which is of the same family as ball (dance), ballad, ballet, ballot, balloon, bowls, billiards (Spenser's 'ball-iards'), which are all connected] Perhaps Lat, *ful-men*, *ful-geo*, *flamma* (?) Etym I.

bandelier, III 21 Band for carrying ammunition. Etym III.

ban-dog, or *band-dog*, III 16, properly watch-dog kept chained up Spenser's Shepherd describes the mastiffs that guard the sheepfold as 'great bandogs that will teare the wolfe's skinne' So here in III 17 the owner carried the leash that was his blood-hounds' *band*? O E *bond-doge*

barret-cap, III 16, battle-cap *Barrat* is Scotch for battle, (and strife, trouble,) as 'Me think we suld in *barrat* make thaim bow;' Icelandic *bar-atta*, 'battle,' [Scotch *barratry* was used for cheating, whether simony, or promoting quarrels and suits, like Italian *barato*]

behest or hest, III 11, 'command,' G *heissen* (wie *heisst* du? how are you called, i.e. your name?), Eng. 'hight,' i.e. called. the verb had also the sense of to 'call on' or 'exhort,' Icel *hætan* The O E form is *behes*, the 't' having crept in after the s, as in 'whils-t' from 'whiles.'

black-mail, III 31, protection-money exacted by freebooters. *Mail* is Scotch for tribute or rent—king's-mail, borough-mail, house-mail, grass-mail, A S *mæle*,—*black*, probably as in black-guard, black-leg, others cp G. *placken* 'to harass.' *N.B.*—Coat of *mail* is Fr *maille*, Lat. *macula*, 'a spot,' but in sense of the kindred *mesh* of a 'network' tissue



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bowne, or boun, III 29, Scotch (1) adj ready, (2) verb act to make ready (to go), III 29, 'all should *boune* them for the border,' cp 'Toward Lowdown they *bounit* them to ride,' (3) verb neut. 'to go' *Boun* is really *búnn*, past part of *búa*, to make ready, this was corrupted into *bound* for a poit, etc from this part the ballad writers formed a fresh verb to boun so in 'busk ye, boun ye,' or 'busk, busk and boun,' Scott's William and Helen, LVII, *busk* is reflexive *bíu-sik* or *bíu-sik*, 'prepare oneself' Cp *Murmion*, IV 22 V Etym V

cairn, III 29, heap of stones marking a tomb (Gaelic). So the Welsh mountains *Carnedd* Dafydd and Llewellyn mean 'the tombs of David' and 'of Llewellyn' Cp Icel. *kör*, bed (of sickness), *koi*, a pile

career, III 5, Fl. *carrière*, a *cár*-road, then like 'course' of 'driving' or 'riding at full speed,' Lat. *carrus*, 'car' Sc. Etym. III 5

couch, III 5, to put in its proper *couch* or bed, esp. 'to put the lance in its rest,' so in Milton—

"Prick forth the aery knights, and *couch* their spears."

O. F. *colcher* from Lat *col-locare*. Etym II

II cushat-dove, III 34, wood pigeon So in Scotch 'the *torushat* croudis,' i.e. 'the dove coos,' so A S *cuscote* is thus connected with A S. *cysyan*, whence Eng. kiss, lit the billing dove?

debate, III 4, in old sense of 'contest in deed,' not as now in word Fr *dé-battre*, 'to fight it out' (*dé*, intensive not for *dis*-), cp *beat*, *battle*, etc Cp 2 Henry IV IV iv 2, in fighting against the rebels,

"Now, lords, if God doth give successful end  
To this *debate*, that bleedeth at our doors"

dunt, III 6, (1) orig 'the blow' itself, cp Milton,  
"that mortal *dunt*,"

Save He who reigns above, none can resist,"  
i.e. the fatal blow, hence (2) 'the influence of,' as in, 'you feel the *dunt* of pity,' Jul Cæs III ii 198, so 'by *dunt* of,' then (3) the mark of the blow, the *dunt* Etym VI

don, III 3, put on, *do on*, so 'do off' is 'do off'

earn, III 29, golden eagle, or osprey; whence *Earn*-ley in Sussex

"For Jove's fowl the *erne* came soaring by."

Other forms, *ern*, *aur*, *er*, *arn*, *are* Icelandic *orn* (adj *arn ar*). Is not the root the same as in heion, It *aghirone*, *anone*, Lat. *ardea*, Gk *épōdis*, *époqai*, originally 'the *rustling* bird?' So Icel *ern*, 'brisk' Etym VI

falcon, III 16, an arch-shaped blade, scimitar Lat *falx*, a sickle; It. *falcone*, a falcon, is the bird with crooked talons.

## CANTO FOURTH.

### I

SWEET Teviot <sup>1</sup> on thy silver tide  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and willow'd shore ,  
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,  
All, all is peaceful, all is still,  
As if thy waves, since Time was born,  
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,  
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,  
Nor started at the bugle-horn. 10

### II.

Unlike the tide of human time,  
Which though it change in ceaseless flow,  
Retains each grief, retains each crime  
Its earliest course was doomed to know ;  
And, darker as it downward bears,  
Is stained with past and present tears  
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,  
It still reflects to Memory's eye  
The hour my brave, my only boy,  
Fell by the side of great Dundee 20  
Why, when the volleying musket play'd  
Against the bloody Highland blade,  
Why was I not beside him laid ?  
Enough—he died the death of fame ;  
Enough—he died with conquering Græme

### III.

Now over Border dale and fell,  
Full wide and far was terror spread ;  
For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,  
The peasant left his lowly shed

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The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent  
 Beneath the peal's rude battlement ,  
 And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,  
 While ready warriors seiz'd the spear  
 From Blanksome's towers, the watchman's eye  
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,  
 Which, curling in the rising sun,  
 Show'd southern ravage was begun.

### IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—  
 " Prepare ye all for blows and blood !  
 Watt Tinninn, from the Liddel-side,  
 Comes wading through the flood.  
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock  
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock ,  
 It was but last St. Barnabright  
 They sieged him a whole summer night,  
 But fled at morning : well they knew  
 In vain he never twang'd the yew.  
 Right sharp has been the evening shower  
 That drove him from his Liddel tower ,  
 And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,  
 " I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."

### V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman  
 Entered the echoing barbican.  
 He led a small and shaggy nag,  
 That through a bog, from hag to hag,  
 Could bound like any Billhope stag.  
 It bore his wife and children twain ,  
 A half-clothed serf was all their train :  
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,  
 Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,  
 Laughed to her friends among the crowd.  
 He was of stature passing tall,  
 But sparely formed, and lean withal ;  
 A batter'd morion on his brow ,  
 A leather jack, as fence enow,  
 On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;  
 A Border axe behind was slung ,  
 His spear, six Scottish ells in length,  
 Seemed newly dyed with gore ;

## CANTO FOURTH

His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,      70  
His hardy partner bore.

### VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinninn show  
The tidings of the English foe —  
“Belted Will Howard is marching here,  
And hot Loid Dacie, with many a spear,  
And all the German hackbut-men,  
Who have long lain at Askerten .  
They cross’d the Liddel at our few hour,  
And burn’d my little lonely tower      80  
The fiend receive their souls therefor !  
It had not been burnt this year and more  
Bain-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,  
Served to guide me on my flight ;  
But I was chased the livelong night  
Black John of Akeshaw, and Feigus Graeme,  
Fast upon my traces came,  
Until I turned at Priestthaugh Scrogg,  
And shot their horses in the bog,  
Slew Fergus with my lance outright—  
I had him long at high despite      90  
He drove my cows last Fastern’s night.”

### VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,  
Fast hurrying in, confirm’d the tale ;  
As far as they could judge by ken,  
Three hours would bring to Teviot’s strand  
Three thousand armed Englishmen—  
Meanwhile full many a warlike band,  
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,  
Came in, their Chief’s defence to aid      100  
There was saddling and mounting in haste,  
There was picking o’er moor and lea ;  
He that was last at the resting place  
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

### VIII.

From fair St. Mary’s silver wave,  
From dreary Gamescleugh’s dusky height,  
His ready lances Thurlestone brave  
Array’d beneath a banner bright.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent  
Beneath the peel's rude battlement ,  
And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,  
While ready warriors seiz'd the spear  
From Blanksome's towers, the watchman's eye  
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,  
Which, curling in the rising sun,  
Show'd southern ravage was begun.

## IV

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—  
 "Prepare ye all for blows and blood !  
 Watt Tinklunn, from the Liddel-side,  
 Comes wading through the flood. 40  
 Full off the Tynedale snatchers knock  
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock ,  
 It was but last St. Barnabright  
 They sieged him a whole summer night,  
 But fled at morning . well they knew  
 In vain he never twang'd the yew.  
 Right sharp has been the evening shower  
 That drove him from his Liddel tower ,  
 And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,  
 "I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid " 50

V.

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A leather jack, as fence enow,  
On his broad shoulders loosely hung;  
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Seemed newly dyed with gore.

## CANTO FOURTH

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His hardy partner bore. 70

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Thus to the Ladye did Tynlinn show  
The tidings of the English foe —  
“Belted Will Howard is marching here,  
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,  
And all the German hackbut-men,  
Who have long lain at Askeiten .  
They cross'd the Liddel at a few hour,  
And burn'd my little lonely tower .  
The fiend receive their souls therefor ! 80  
It had not been burnt this year and more  
Bain-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,  
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Black John of Akeshaw, and Feigus Glæme,  
Fast upon my traces came,  
Until I turned at Priesthaugh Scrogg,  
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He drove my cows last Fasten's night ”

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Came in, their Chief's defence to aid  
There was saddling and mounting in haste, 100  
There was picking o'er moor and lea ;  
He that was last at the tysting place  
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

### VIII.

From fair St Mary's silver wave,  
From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height,  
His ready lances Thirlestane brave  
Array'd beneath a banner bright.

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims,  
 To wreath his shield, since royal James,  
 Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave, 110  
 The proud distinction grateful gave,  
     For faith 'mid feudal jars,  
 What time, save Thulestane alone,  
 Of Scotland's stubborn barons, none  
     Would march to southern wais;  
 And hence, in fair remembrance worn,  
 Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne:  
 Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—  
 "Ready, aye ready," for the field.

### IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,  
     With many a moss-trooper came on, 120  
 And azure in a golden field  
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,  
     Without the bend of Muddeston  
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,  
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;  
 High over Borthwick's mountain flood,  
 His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;  
 In the dark glen, so deep below,  
 The herds of plunder'd England low; 130  
 His bold retainers' daily food,  
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.  
 Marauding chief! his sole delight  
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight;  
 Not even the flower of Yarrow's chaims,  
 In youth, might tame his rage for aims;  
 And still, in age, he spun'd at rest,  
 And still his brows the helmet press'd;  
 Albert the blanchèd locks below  
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow: 140  
     Five stately warriors drew the sword  
     Before their father's band,  
     A braver knight than Haiden's lord  
     Ne'er belted on a brand

### X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,  
     Came trooping down the Todshaw-hill;  
 By the sword they won their land,  
     And by the sword they hold it still.

## CANTO FOURTH

Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,  
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.— 150  
 Earl Moriton was lord of that valley fair,  
 The Beattisons were his vassals there  
 The Earl was gentle and mild of mood,  
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude,  
 High of heart, and haughty of word,  
 Little they reck'd of a tame hege Lord  
 The Earl into fair Eskdale came  
 Homage and seignory to claim  
 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,  
 Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought." 160  
 —"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,  
 Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need,  
 Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,  
 I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."—  
 Word on word gave fuel to fire,  
 Till so highly blazed the Beattisons' ire,  
 But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,  
 The vassals there their lord had slain.  
 Sore he plied both whip and spur,  
 As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir; 170  
 And it fell down a weary weight,  
 Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

### XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,  
 Full fain avengèd would he be  
 In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke,  
 Saying, "Take these traitors to thy yoke,  
 For a cast of hawks, and a puise of gold,  
 All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold.  
 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan  
 If thou leavest on Eske a landed man, 180  
 But spare Woodkenick's lands alone,  
 For he lent me his house to escape upon."  
 A glad man then was Branksome bold,  
 Down he flung him the puise of gold,  
 To Eskdale soon he spun'd amain,  
 And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.  
 He left his men in the mist of the hill,  
 And bade them hold them close and still;  
 And alone he wended to the plain,  
 To meet with the Galliard and all his train. 190



To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said  
 ' Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head;  
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,  
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game  
 Give me in peace my heriot due,  
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue  
 If my horn I thiee times wind,  
 Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."

## XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;  
 ' Little care we for thy winded horn. 200  
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot  
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott  
 Wend thou to Blanksome back on foot,  
 With rusty spur and many boot"—  
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,  
 That the dun deer started at fan Craikcross;  
 He blew again so loud and clear,  
 Through the grey mountain mist there did lances appear,  
 And the third blast rang with such a din,  
 That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn, 210  
 And all his riders came lightly in.  
 Then had you seen a gallant shock,  
 When saddles were emptied, and lances broke!  
 For each scornful word the Galliard had said,  
 A Beattison on the field was laid.  
 His own good sword the chieftain drew,  
 And he bore the Galliard through and through;  
 Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the ill,  
 The Galliard's Haugh, men call it still  
 The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan, 220  
 In Eskdale they left but one landed man.  
 The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,  
 Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

## XIII.

Whitlade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,  
 And warriors more than I may name  
 From Yarrow-cleuch to Hindhaugh-swar,  
 From Woodhouselee to Chester-glen.  
 Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;  
 Their gathering word was Bellenden.  
 And better hearts o'er Border sod 230

# CANTO FOURTH

To siege or rescue never rode  
 The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,  
 And high her heart of pride arose:  
 She bade her youthful son attend,  
 That he might know his father's friend,  
 And learn to face his foes  
 "The boy is ripe to look on war;  
 I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,  
 And his true arrow struck afar  
 The raven's nest upon the cliff; 240  
 The red cross on a southern breast,  
 Is broader than the raven's nest,  
 Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,  
 And o'er him hold his father's shield"—

## XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page  
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.  
 He counterfeited childish fear,  
 And shriek'd and shed full many a tear,  
 And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.  
 The attendants to the Ladye told, 250  
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,  
 That wont to be so free and bold.  
 Then wrathful was the noble Dame;  
 She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—  
 "Hence! eie the clan his faintness view;  
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—  
 Watt Tynlinn, thou shalt be his guide  
 To Rangleburn's lonely side —  
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,  
 That coward should e'er be son of mine!"— 260

## XV.

A heavy task Watt Tynlinn had,  
 To guide the counterfeited lad  
 Soon as the palfrey felt the weight  
 Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,  
 He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,  
 Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.  
 It cost Watt Tynlinn mickle toil  
 To drive him but a Scottish mile;  
 But as a shallow brook they cross'd,  
 The elt, amid the running stream, 270

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

His figure chang'd like form in dream,  
And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"  
Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,  
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft  
Whistled from startled Tynlinn's yew,  
And pierced his shoulder through and through.  
Although the imp might not be slain,  
And though the wound soon heal'd again,  
Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain,  
And Watt of Tynlinn, much aghast, 280  
Rode back to Blanksome fiery fast.

### XVI

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,  
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;  
And martial murmurs, from below,  
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.  
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,  
Were Border pipes and bugles blown;  
The coursers' neighing he could ken,  
And measured tread of marching men;  
While broke at times the solemn hum, 290  
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;  
And banneis tall, of crimson sheen,  
Above the copse appear,  
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,  
Shone helm, and shield, and spear.

### XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,  
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round;  
Behind, in close array, and fast,  
The Kendal archers, all in green,  
Obedient to the bugle blast, 300  
Advancing from the wood were seen.  
To back and guard the archer band,  
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand.  
A hardy race, on Ithing bred,  
With kirtles white, and crosses red,  
Array'd beneath the banner tall,  
That stream'd o'er Acie's conquer'd wall;  
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,  
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

## CANTO FOURTH

## XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow, 310  
The mercenarics, firm and slow,  
Moved on to fight, in dark array,  
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,  
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,  
And sold their blood for foreign pay  
The camp their home, then law the sword,  
They knew no count'ry, own'd no lord  
They were not arm'd like England's sons,  
But bore the levin-darting guns,  
Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er, 320  
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore,  
Each better knee was bared, to aid  
The warriors in the escalade,  
All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,  
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

## XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,  
And louder still the minstrels blew,  
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,  
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry,  
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,  
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.  
There many a youthful knight, full keen  
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;  
With favour in his crest, or glove,  
Memorial of his ladye-love.  
So rode they forth in fair array,  
Till full their lengthen'd lines display;  
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,  
And cried, " St. George, for merry England ! "

## XX

Now every English eye intent 340  
On Branksome's armed towers was bent ;  
So near they were, that they might know  
The straining harsh of each cross-bow ,  
On battlement and bartizan  
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan ;  
Falcon and culver, on each tower,  
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower ;

# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And flashing armour frequent broke  
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,  
Where upon tower and turret head,  
The seething pitch and molten lead  
Reek'd, like a witch's cauldron red  
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,  
The wicket opes, and from the wall  
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

350

## XXI

Aiméd he rode, all save the head,  
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;  
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,  
He ruled his eager courser's gait ,  
Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,  
And, high curvetting, slow advance .  
In sign of truce, his better hand  
Display'd a peel'd willow wand ;  
His squire, attending in the rear,  
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.  
When they espied him riding out,  
Lord Howard and Lord Dacie stout  
Sped to the front of their array,  
To hear what this old knight should say.

360

## XXII

"Ye English warden lords, of you  
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,  
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,  
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,  
With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,  
And all yon mercenary band,  
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland ?  
My Ladye reads you swith return ,  
And, if but one poor straw you burn,  
Or do our towers so much molest  
As scare one swallow from her nest,  
St Mary ! but we'll light a brand  
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland"—

370

380

## XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,  
But calmer Howard took the word .  
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,  
To seek the castle's outward wall,

# CANTO FOURTH

Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show  
 Both why we came, and when we go."—  
 The message sped, the noble Dame  
 To the wall's outward circle came , 390  
 Each chief around lean'd on his spear,  
 To see the pursuivant appear  
 All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,  
 The lion argent deck'd his breast ;  
 He led a boy of blooming hue—  
 O sight to meet a mother's view !  
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch.  
 Obedience met the herald made,  
 And thus his master's will he said —

## XXIV.

' "It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,  
 'Gainst Ladye fau to draw their swords , 400  
 But yet they may not tamely see,  
 All through the Western Wardenry,  
 Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,  
 And burn and spoil the Border-side ;  
 And ill beseems your rank and birth  
 To make your towers a flemens-firth.  
 We claim from thee William of Deloraine  
 That he may suffer march-treason pain  
 It was but last St Cuthbert's even 410  
 He prick'd to Stapulton on Leven,  
 Haim'd the lands of Richard Musgrave,  
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive.  
 Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame  
 These restless riders may not tame,  
 Either receive within thy towers  
 Two hundred of my master's powers,  
 Or straight they sound their warrison,  
 And storm and spoil thy garrison .  
 And this fair boy, to London led, 420  
 Shall good King Edward's page be bled '

## XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,  
 And stretch'd his little arms on high ;  
 Implored for aid each well-known face,  
 And strove to seek the Dame's embrace

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,  
 Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear  
 She gazed upon the leaders round,  
 And dark and sad each warrior frown'd,  
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast 430  
 She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest,  
 Unalter'd and collected stood,  
 And thus replied, in dauntless mood :—

### XXVI.

" Say to your Lords of high emprise,  
 Who war on women and on boys,  
 That either William of Deloraine  
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,  
 Or else he will the combat take  
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake  
 No knight in Cumberland so good, 440  
 But William may count with him kin and blood  
 Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,  
 When English blood swell'd Ancrum's foed ;  
 And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,  
 And bare him ably in the flight,  
 Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.  
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,  
 God be his aid, and God be mine,  
 Through me no friend shall meet his doom ;  
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room 450  
 Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,  
 Take our defiance loud and high ;  
 Our slogan is then lyke-wake dirge,  
 Our moat, the grave where they shall lie "

### XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—  
 Then lighten'd Thulestane's eye of flame,  
 His bugle Watt of Harden blew,  
 Pensils and pennons wide were flung,  
 To heaven the Border slogan rung,  
 " St Mary for the young Buccleuch ! " 460  
 The English war-cry answered wide,  
 And forward bent each southerly spear ;  
 Each Kendal archer made a stride,  
 And drew the bowstring to his ear ;

## CANTO FOURTH

Each minstrel's wai-note loud was blown;  
But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,  
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

### XXVIII

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said,  
"What treason has your march betray'd,  
What make you here, from aid so far, 470  
Before you, walls, around you, wai?  
Your foemen triumph in the thought,  
That in the toils the lion's caught:  
Already on dark Rubenslaw  
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw,  
The lances, waving in his train,  
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain  
And on the Liddel's northern strand  
To bar retreat to Cumberland,  
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good, 480  
Beneath the eagle and the rood,  
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,  
Have to proud Angus come,  
And all the Merse and Lauderdale  
Have risen with haughty Home.  
An exile from Northumberland,  
In Liddesdale I've wandered long,  
But still my heart was with merry England.  
And cannot brook my country's wrong,  
And had I've spur'd all night to show 490  
The mustering of the coming foe."—

### XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;  
"For soon yon crest, my father's pride,  
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,  
And waved in gales of Galilee,  
From Branksome's highest towers display'd,  
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—  
Level each harquebuss on row;  
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;  
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry, 500  
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

### XXX

Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,  
Nor deem my words the words of fear.



For who, in field or foray slack,  
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?  
 But thus to risk our Border flower  
 In strife against a kingdom's power,  
 Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,  
 Certes, were desperate policy.  
 Nay, take the terms the Ladye made, 510  
 Ere conscious of the advancing aid  
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine  
 In single fight, and, if he gain,  
 He gains for us, but if he's cross'd,  
 'Tis but a single warrior lost,  
 The rest, retreating as they came,  
 Avoid defeat, and death, and shame"

## XXXI

Ill could the haughty Dacie brook  
 His brother Warden's sage rebuke;  
 And yet his forward step he stay'd, 520  
 And slow and sullenly obeyed  
 But ne'er again the Border side  
 Did these two lords in friendship ride.  
 And this slight discontent, men say,  
 Cost blood upon another day.

## XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again  
 Before the castle took his stand;  
 His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,  
 The leaders of the Scotch band,  
 And he defied, in Musgrave's right, 530  
 Stout Deloraine to single fight.  
 A gauntlet at their feet he laid,  
 And thus the terms of fight he said:—  
 "If in the list good Musgrave's sword  
 Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,  
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,  
 Shall hostage for his clan remain:  
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,  
 The boy his liberty shall have.  
 How'er it falls, the English band, 540  
 Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,  
 In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,  
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

# CANTO FOURTH

## XXXIII

Unconscious of the near relief,  
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,  
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd;  
 For though then hearts were brave and true,  
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,  
 How tardy was the Regent's aid;  
 And you may guess the noble Dame 550  
 Durst not the secret prescience own,  
 Sprung from the art she might not name,  
 By which the coming help was known  
 Closed was the compact, and agreed,  
 That lists should be enclosed with speed,  
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn  
 They fix'd the morrow for the strife,  
 On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,  
 At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;  
 When Deloraine, from sickness freed, 560  
 Or else a champion in his stead,  
 Should for himself and chieftain stand,  
 Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand

## XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,  
 Full many minstrels sing and say,  
 Such combat should be made on horse,  
 On foaming steed, in full career,  
 With brand to aid, when as the spear  
 Should shiver in the course,  
 But he, the jovial Harper taught 570  
 Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,  
 In guise which now I say  
 He knew each ordinance and clause  
 Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,  
 In the old Douglas' day  
 He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue  
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,  
 Or call his song untrue  
 For this, when they the goblet plied,  
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride, 580  
 The bard of Reull he slew  
 On Tenviot's side, in fight they stood,  
 And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood;  
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave,  
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

## XXXV

Why should I tell the rigid doom,  
 That diaga'd my master to his tomb,  
 How Ouseham's maidens tore their hair,  
 Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,  
 And wrung their hands for love of him,  
 Who died at Jedwood Aii ?  
 He died !—his scholars one by one,  
 To the cold silent grave are gone,  
 And I, alas ! survive alone,  
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,  
 And grieve that I shall hear no more  
 The strains, with envy heard before,  
 For, with my minstrel brethren fled,  
 My jealousy of song is dead

590

He paused the listening dames again  
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain  
 With many a word of kindly cheer, -  
 In pity half, and half sincere,—  
 Marvell'd the Duchess how so well  
 His legendary song could tell—  
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;  
 Of feuds, whose memory was not ;  
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;  
 Of towers, which labour now the hare ;  
 Of manners, long since changed and gone ;  
 Of chiefs, who under their grey stone  
 So long had slept, that fickle Fame  
 Had blotted from her rolls their name,  
 And twined round some new minion's head  
 The fading wreath for which they bled,  
 In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse  
 Could call them from their marble hearse.  
 The Harper smiled, well pleased, for ne'er  
 Was flattery lost on Poet's ear ;  
 A simple race ! they waste their toil  
 For the vain tribute of a smile,  
 E'en when in age their flame expires,  
 Her dulcet breath can fan its fires.  
 Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,  
 And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.  
 Smiled, then, well pleased, the Aged Man,  
 And thus his tale continued ran.

600

610

620

## NOTES TO CANTO IV

1 Notice the contrast between the softness of the two first stanzas and the stinging preparations that follow. The letter *l* has seldom been more skilfully employed in alliteration than in stanza 1. Its liquid softness, where not overpowered by the harsh labials, seems to suggest the gentle windings of the stream. See note on III 2.

*silver tide*, contrast with the 'ruddy' colour of III 29, implied here in 'the glaring bale-fires.'

*steel-clad warriors*, as Deloraine, I 24, 25. Compare this with Marmion, IV 24, 25.

"Now from the summit to the plain,  
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;  
And o'er the landscape as I look  
Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.

But different far the change has been  
Since Marmion from the crown  
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene  
Upon the bent so brown  
Thousand pavilions white as snow  
Spread all the Borough-moor below."

*rolled upon the Tweed*. Or 'rolled *their way to* Tweed,' as in first ed. Cp. I 31, II 1.

*shepherd's reed*. Compare this passage with I 27 and note

2 *low as that tide has ebb'd with me*. These two stanzas must be read in close connexion with the epilogue of the preceding Canto: for here we have the metaphorical statement of the sorrows of his 'helpless age.'

*Dundee* Graham of Clavelhouse, the Viscount of Dundee, killed at the battle of Killcrankie after leading the Jacobites to victory, 1689.

3 *for pathless marsh*, the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen on the approach of an English army: *mountain cells* or caves hewn on almost inaccessible cliffs may still be seen on the banks of the Teviot, Ale, and Esk. A description remains of the smoking out of one of these in the Lord Protector Somerset's expedition into Scotland.—SCOT I

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

*fell, Gl*  
*maids and matrons dropp'd the tear.* Scott has depicted more fully elsewhere the parting of the widow with her only son.—

“But when he saw his mother's eye  
 Watch him in speechless agony,  
 Back to her open'd arms he flew,  
 Pressed on her lips a fond adieu.”

And of the bridegroom with his bride:

“Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,  
 And lingering eyed his lovely bride,  
 Until he saw the starting tear  
 Speak woe he might not stop to cheer.”

—LADY OF LAKE, III 18, 22

*southern ravage* Scott quotes a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII, complaining that Earl Murray's men had tried to burn a village of his, but having no light, killed a helpless woman for sheer spite, for which he retaliated by burning the town of Coldingham, *with all the corn thereunto belonging*, and also two towns adjoining, besides which, “Godde wylling, Kelsey shall be brent with all the corn in the said town”

4 *Watt Tynlunn.* Scott closely followed his old romancers in introducing such names, without considering their effect on his verse. Watt was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held a small tower on the frontier of Liddesdale. An English captain, whom he was pursuing, led him across a morass, and as he floundered in it, jeered him about his trade of ‘cobblers’: ‘ye cannot sew your boots, the heels nisp (creak), and the seams nve (split)’ ‘If I cannot sew,’ retorted Tynlunn, discharging a shaft which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, ‘I can *yerk*’ (*yerk* the thread to make the stitches firm) —SCOTT

*Warden raid* An irroad commanded by the Warden of the Border in person.

5 *barbican, hag, morion, jack, Gl.*

*Bullhope*, in Liddesdale, of which Scott quotes the rhyme—

“Bullhope Craggs for bucks and laes” (1oe-deei)

*passing*, simple for compound ‘sur-passing’

*enow*, an older form more like O. E. *genôh*, whence *ynow*, *enow* (G *enug*), *enough*

6 *Belted Will Howard* Son of the Duke of Norfolk, and Warden of the Western Marches. He is introduced here a few years earlier than he actually flourished. His apartments are still shewn unchanged in Naworth Castle —SCOTT.

*Lord Dacre*, cp 17 “His name is derived from the exploits of an ancestor at the siege of *Acre*” —SCOTT.

*hackbut, Scrogg, Fastern, Gl.*

\* A stout door fortunately saved them from the fire which burnt all but the shell of the rest of the castle some years ago

## NOTES TO CANTO IV

*German hackbut-men* In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII and his successors employed numerous mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinkie there were 800 *hackbutter*s, mostly foreigners. In 1549 the Lord Protector Somerset writes to Lord Dacre, Warden of the West Marches—"The *Almains* (cp Gloss) in number 2000, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle."—SCOTT.

*pricking*, cp iii 3 Observe the galloping effect of the metre of these lines, owing to the use of anapaests instead of iambs and the consequent number of short syllables.

7 *tryst*, Gl.

*gay ladye*, a merely ornamental epithet, added to give life and colour to the picture. Such epithets could not be allowed in ordinary prose, unless it were necessary to call attention to the *gayness* of the lady Abbott, § 42 b

8 *St Mary's silver wave* St Mary's Loch, in Selkirkshire, at the head of the Vale of Yarrow. The Yarrow flows from it. *cleugh*, *trassured*, Gl.

*Thirlestane* Sir John Scott of Thirlestane, to whom James II gave a charter of arms to bear a border of 'fleur de lises' (lilies), similar to the tressure in the royal arms —SCOTT  
*mosy wave* i.e. marsh

9 *Without the bend of Murdieston* "The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of *Murdieston* was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress in 1296. Hence they bear merely the cognizance of the Scotts, whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a *bend* dexter assumed in consequence of that marriage."—SCOTT

*Dinlay*. A mountain in Liddesdale.

*Harden's lord* Walter Scott of Harden (auld Watt) married Mary Scott, *the Flower of Yarrow*. Scott himself was descended from him. Maginn, in his 'Homeric Ballads,' considers Watt the modern representative of Nestor, whom he treats as more the type of activity and energy in age than of sedateness in council. The hero with his five soldier sons may remind Americans of John Brown the Abolitionist and his raids in Kansas made in a nobler cause.

10-12 The introduction of this tale may have been interesting to minstrel and ladye, but is scarcely so to us, especially as both style and measure are far below the rest of the Canto. These stanzas were not in the first edition.

*Esk-dale* The Gaelic for 'water' is *uisge*, Welsh *wyss*, current, cp Irish *whisk-y*, this Celtic word was Romanized into *Isca*, hence *Ex-eter*, *Ax-minster*, *Ux-bridge*, *Ock-sford* (Ox-ford), *Oke-hampton*, *Ouse*, and in a corrupted form, the *Wash*. Taylor, p. 136.

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

- Tod shaw*, i.e. fox-wood, for *shaw* see Gl. *scogg*  
*Galliard*, heriot, trow, Gl  
*but that*, except that, cp. iii 13  
 11 *cast*, merrymen, Gl  
*hold them* [selves], reflexive, cp 'mount thee,' i 22  
*wend*, whence the past of 'go,' 'went' having replaced 'yode'  
 (goed).  
 12 *caul-cross*, from *crug* (ciag)  
*Haugh*, Gl  
*Pantoun-linn* *Linn* is a deep pool, the regular Welsh word  
 for 'lake,' cp *Llyn* Ogwen, *Llan-berris*, so *Ros-lin*, vi 23.  
 Here it was the hollow which echoed.  
 13 *cleuch*, Gl.  
*Hindhaugh-swair*, cp. iii 27.  
*lee*, shelter  
*Bellenden*, the central rendezvous.  
 14 *wont*, i.e. *woned*, from O. E. *wonys*, 'to dwell,' G.  
*wohnen*, hence 'to be accustomed,' generally 'to be wont'  
*Rangleburn* 'Rangle' in Scotch is a heap (of stones), but  
*angle-burn* seems to be the 'crooked stream;' cp *Icel*, *Rang-á*,  
*Dan wrang-bek*, Eng. *wrong*, from *wring*, or twist. *Burn*,  
 Gl For the scanning *Rangleburn* (e)n, cp. on i. 19.  
*fell*, Gl.  
 15 *palfrey*, *mickle*, Gl  
*running stream*, cp. iii 13.  
*his figure* Think what case this is  
*cloth-yard shaft* An arrow the length of a *yard* for measur-  
 ing cloth  
 16 *Almayn*, Gl, and cp. 6.  
 17 *forayer*, Gl  
 18 *their law the sword* Their motto was,—'frendes to God  
 and enemies to alle the wolde,' their morals, 'without we make  
 ouselfe to be feared, we gete nothing' Cp *Froissart* apud  
 Scott  
*leum*, *frounce*, *morsing*, Gl.  
*better knee* Notice how Scott uses his antiquarian lore to give  
 fulness of detail to his pictures. Thus the bailing of the right  
 knee, he tells us, is taken from the battle pieces of the Flemish  
 painters the 'fionced coats' from *Munoir* for Magistrates, p.  
 121 "Then platted garments therewith well accord, all jagged  
 and *frownst* with divers colours decked"  
 19 *glawe*, Gl.  
 20 *barbazan*, *partisan*, *falcon*, *culver*, Gl  
*seething pitch* Towers had projecting galleries with slits in  
 them to let thus 'deadly hail' down on the foe such towers are  
 called *machicolated*, as in Tennyson's 'Last Tournament'

## NOTES TO CANTO IV

21 *a gauntlet on a spear* "The emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded"—SCOTT

22 *hide, reads, swill*, Gl  
*St Mary' but we'll light, but = if not*, cp iii 13; so King John, v iv 50 "Beshew my soul, *but* I do love," and  
 "The gods rebuke me, *but* it is tidings  
 To wash the eyes of kings"

Ant and Cleo v i 27 Shaksp Gram, § 126

23 *pursuant*, Gl

24 *ick, flemens-firth, harry, dint, glawe, warrison*, Gl  
*march-treason*, Gl "Several species of offences peculiar to the Border constituted what was called march-treason. Among others was the crime of riding or causing to ride against the opposite country in time of peace"—SCOTT

25 Observe the poet's art in describing the conflict between the mother and the chieftainess, thus making the Lady of Blank some more human, and therefore more interesting

*struggling sigh* This epithet is an instance of the terseness of poetry, the fulness of idea is not sacrificed, but only the relatives and conjunctions. The sense decides whether the conjunction omitted is 'since' or 'through'. Cp Abbott, § 43 a

26 *emprize, dub, slogan, lyke-wake*, Gl  
*of high emprize* For the nominal force cp Juno's attack on Venus for her cruel treatment of Dido, Virg *Æn* iv. 93

"*Egregiam vero laudem ac spolia auctu relictis*  
*Tuque puerique tuus, magnum et memorabile nomen,*  
*Una dolo divum si fœmina victa duorum est*"

*cleave him by oath* "In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills or indictments ran thus—You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God Himself, you are whart out sackless (guiltless) of art, part, way, witting, iidd (counsel), kenning, having or recetting of any of the goods or cattels named in this bill. So help you God"—SCOTT

*no knight so good but, &c* so high-born *that* Deloraine can-not shew as high a pedigree, cp ou iii 13.

*Douglas' sword* Aichibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, was the Scottish General. It was then the general's privilege to confer knighthood, an honour which originally flowed from other knighthood and not from royalty.

*Ancram's ford.* This battle was fought A. D. 1545  
*but Lord Dacre's steed was wight*, cp 22 and iii 13.



## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

*Though me no friend, etc* Notice how the Ladye's personal spirit is brought out by simply giving these words the emphatic place in the line So with 'while I live' in the next line

28 *what make you here?* The French idiom, 'que faites vous ici?'

*River's-law* Law is a cairn or mound.  
*weapon-schaw, wood, book, Gl*

29 *haquebuss, Gl, s v hackbutteer.*

30 *the blanche lion* The arms of Howard So Richard is spoken of as 'the boar' in Rich III; and so in Gray's *Bard*, 93—

"The bristled Boar in infant gore,  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade"

*certes* The French form of Lat *certè*, the *s* is adverbial  
32 *list, Gl*

34 *made on horse* Scott quotes an account of a trial by combat in 1602 'betwixt nine of the clock and one of the same day to fight *on foot*' His art is, that he manages by the discussion to bring the personality of the Harper into relief, and so leads up to the stanzas on the poet, which end this Canto and open the next

*white branches* The rival's name being Sweet Milk.

*when-as* *When* being properly interrogative, *as* was added to give it a relative force, so 3 Hen VI. II. 1. 46, "*When as* the noble Duke of York was slain" Cp., "*when that* the poor have cued," Jul Cæs III. ii. 96. Shaks Gram § 116, 287.

*the jovial Harper* "An ancient Border minstrel, called Rattling, Roaring Willie. He quarrelled with one of his own profession, they fought with swords, and the *baird* of Rule Water, his antagonist, was killed on the spot. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh"

*Lord Archibald of Douglas.* The framer of statutes on points of Border warfare in the middle of the fifteenth century.

35 *Ousenam*, cp v 11 Scott quotes an old ballad—

"The lasses of Ousenam water  
Aie rugging and iving then hair,  
And all for the sake of Willie,  
His beauty was so fair"

*Air*, a sand-bank

The question in the Ladye's mind is whether her charm will work in time for Deloiaine to fight; and the whole affair now seems to have no connection with Margaret and her lover It is the part of the next Canto to make such a connection

## ETYMOLOGY

### I. TEUTONIC WORDS—GRIMM'S LAW.

BEFORE dealing with derivations it is necessary thoroughly to master *Grimm's Law* of the variations of consonants, when represented in the three families of the Indo-Germanic languages—

- (1) in Greek or Latin (and Sanscrit)
- (2) in Old High<sup>t</sup> German.
- (3) in Low German, Anglo-Saxon, English

Thus, if we take the three characteristics of any of the three first conjugations in Greek, we find they go in a regular circle

Thus the lip-letters go in the series  $\pi \beta \phi \pi \beta$

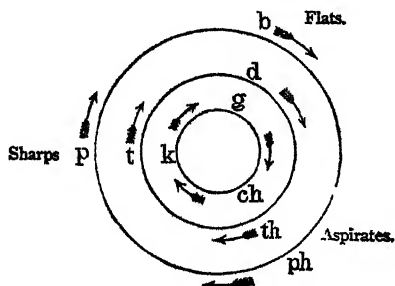
So starting from  $\pi$  we pass to  $\beta$ , and then to  $\phi$  (f)

Starting from  $\beta$  we pass to  $\phi$ , and then by beginning the series again we come to  $\pi$ ;

Starting from  $\phi$  we begin again with  $\pi$ , and then pass on to  $\beta$

This law applies in the same way to the teeth and throat letters (but not to the liquids  $l, m, n, r$ , for which cp III 11)

The order in which they go is sharp, flat, aspirate, sharp, flat, etc.



# ETYMOLOGY

## A Lip letters π β φ π β

	Greek	Latin	German	English
1	p, b, f, <i>π β φ</i>	sePtem	sieBen	seVen
2	b, f, p, <i>β φ π</i>	laBi	schliFFian <sup>2</sup>	shP
3	f, p, b, <i>φ π β</i>	Frater	Pruodci <sup>3</sup>	Brother

## B Teeth-letters, τ δ θ τ δ

1	t, d, th, <i>τ δ θ</i>	fiaTer	pruoDer	broTHei.
2	d, th, t, <i>δ θ τ</i>	duo	Zwei <sup>4</sup>	Two
3	th, t, d, <i>θ τ δ</i>	θυγάτηρ <sup>5</sup>	Toel ter.	Daughtei. <sup>6</sup>

## C Throat-letters, κ γ χ κ γ

1	k, g, ch, <i>κ γ χ</i>	Kαρδια Corda	Heiz <sup>7</sup>	Heait
2	g, ch, h, <i>χ κ γ</i>	οCulus	auGe	eGHe <sup>8</sup> (eYc)
3	ch, h, g, <i>γ χ κ</i>	mulGere milCH.	milK	
		tra(C)Ho <sup>9</sup>	traKan <sup>10</sup>	diaG. <sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> High German was spoken in the South or *High*-lands of Germany, especially in South-east, as Austria, Bavaria, its dialects extending to Alsace and Switzerland. Low German, on the northern shores or *Low* lands, between the Rhine and Baltic. Through the influence of Luther's Bible, High German has become the literary language of Germany, but many low German forms have been incorporated in it.

<sup>2</sup> Modern German, *schlupfen*.

<sup>3</sup> Modern German, *bruder*, of which the B belongs to the Low German and the D to the High German. This assimilation to Low German is the first great cause of irregularity.

<sup>4</sup> Zwei for thwei. This TH is always represented in German by Z or S, (the German th being pronounced like our T). So Gk. *Δορυ* Lat. Domare, Ger. Zahmen, Eng. tame. The scarcity of aspirated consonants is the second great cause of irregularity.

<sup>5</sup> This TH is represented in Latin by F. Gk. *θῆρ*, Lat. Fera, O. H. Ger. Thot, Eng. Deer. The Mod. Ger. word is spelt Thier, but pronounced Tier.

<sup>6</sup> Observe that the guttural, in daughter, etc., do not change according to the law. Here two principles of irregularity come in: (1) that the law can only strictly be applied to the beginning of words, and (2) that consonants, when combined, have a tendency to preserve one another from change. Thus sp, st, sc, would remain unchanged even at the beginning of words, and sometimes even fl and fr seem to pass unchanged from High to Low German—so here the t may have preserved the gh unchanged from an original thughl atar. The Icelandic 'dotur' is spelt as ours is pronounced, without gh.

<sup>7</sup> Herz ought to be Gery, but H often represents the hard G and CH in both High and Low German.

<sup>8</sup> Eage or eghe is Old English for eye, see 7.

<sup>9</sup> The stem appears in perf. trach-si, traxi.

<sup>10</sup> Modern German tragen has the G of the low German form, see 3.

<sup>11</sup> The close connection of these three groups of letters is shown in Welsh, which alters sharp, flat, or aspirate consonants to suit those of the preceding word, thus Pen is 'head,' but dy *ben*, 'thy head,' fy *nhen*, 'my head,' ei *phen*, 'her head' so Tad, 'father,' changes to dad, *nhad*, *llhad* Cai, 'kinsman,' to gar, *ghgar*, *chgar*.

*N.B.*—Other examples, will be found in Abbott's English Lessons, p. 44, R. Morris's English Accidence, p. 13, Donaldson's New Cratylus, p. 185, Max Muller, second series, chapter v.

*Obs.*—In reference to Latin it must be remembered that

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Grimm's Law only applies to words of kindred meaning coming to us from Anglo-Saxon, and not to Latin words coming to us from Norman, like *benison* from *benedictio*, nor of course to words borrowed straight from the Greek, like *drama*

*Note*—Words which fall under Grimm's law are *not derived* from one another, *but connected* as being derived from the same source: thus, as Max Müller says, they are *brothers and sisters*, not parents and children

### II LATIN WORDS—CONTRACTION

French, like Italian and Spanish, being a Romance language (*i.e.* of a Roman-ized country), takes words straight from the Latin, contracting then syllables, but not necessarily changing the consonants. So French *délai*, whence our English *delay*, from Lat *dilatāre*,<sup>1</sup> whence also our English *dilatory*. Popular words that come from the Latin through French, suffer CONTRACTION from the disappearance of the unaccented syllables. The vowel next before the accented syllable generally disappears, and so does the middle consonant. This contraction distinguishes the popular words that come down the main stream of French from the *learned* words, which are formed directly from the Latin. Thus *blame* comes through French *blâme*, but *blasphemy* is formed directly from the Church-Latin *blasphemum*. So *hostel* or *hôtel* is the popular form, and *hospital* the learned form of the Latin *hospitāle*, so *doubt*, with *undoubtable*, from *dubitāre*, and *prust*, with *Presbyterian*, from Græco-Latin *presbyter*.<sup>2</sup> The one set betray their Latin origin at a glance, the others have been squeezed into real French words, their weaker syllables having been compressed by a long course of rapid utterance. To use Horne Tooke's expression, "letters, like soldiers, are apt to desert or drop off in a long march."<sup>3</sup>

*Obs*—Derivations which end with the *Low Latin* of the Middle Ages are to be distrusted: for Low Latin words, when they are not merely corrupted forms of classical Latin, are nothing but the native Celtic or German words in a Latin dress. The French or Frankish language is "full of Teutonic words, more or less Romanized to suit the pronunciation of the Roman inhabitants of Gaul."<sup>4</sup> Thus *fief* appears in Low Latin as *feudum*, but it is really a Teutonic word, cp. under *feudal*.

### III WORD-BUILDING TEUTONIC AND ROMANCE

Thus the English language is mainly formed of two elements,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Dilatāre* is a late or Low Latin frequentative from Lat *differre*. Observe that the Romance words come from a debased or vulgar Latin, and not from the classical forms, thus *cheval* from *caballus*, and not from *equus*.

<sup>2</sup> See by all means some excellent lists in Abbott's *English Lessons*, pp

45-53

<sup>3</sup> Cp. Trench, *Words*, p. 167

<sup>4</sup> Max Müller, cp. R. Morris, *Eng. Accid.* p. 256

<sup>5</sup> Besides there is (3) a Celtic element, from which we get *glen*, *crag*, *havoc*, *bard*, *claymore*, *plaid*, *pony*, *whisky*, etc., and (4) a Scandinavian

## ETYMOLOGY

the Teutonic, which we inherit from the Saxons, and the Romance or Latin element, which came from our Norman conquerors.<sup>1</sup>

1 Each of these elements has its own ways of word-building, whether by particles, prepositions, etc., which they prefix, or by suffixes to put at the end of roots.

Thus Teutonic *a* (an) in *a-way*, *anon*, *amain*.<sup>2</sup>

*be* (*by*) *be-hest*, *be-shew*, and *cp* note on *be-dazzle*, vi 25, and *by-times*, v 10.

*for*, intensive, *for-lorn*, *cp*, *lorn*.

*fore*, *fore-bode*, etc.

*un*, *un-toward*, *un-eathe*.

Romance Prefixes—

(a) The Latin prepositions, as *ambi* *cp* *amice*, *contra* *cp* *counter*, *inter* *cp* *emprise*, *per* *cp* *pilgrim*, (b) also *mis* from *minus* *cp* *mis-prize* 'mini-ver'; *re*, as in *re-cant*, *bene* in *bemson*, and *male* in *malison*.

Teutonic Suffixes—

*y*, O E *ig*, busy, *ful* as hope-ful.

*-ing*, diminutive, as *darling*

*le* or *er*, as *hither*

*less* (loose from), homeless.

*ly* (like), lovely

*some*, blithesome.

*dom*, thanedom, *-ard*, wizard.

*ship* (shape), landscape

Romance Suffixes—

*-y*, Fr, *ic*. Lat *-ia* or *-um*; *-ion*, *-ment*, *-mony*, *-our* (*-or*)

*-ous*, Lat *-osus*, *-ive*, Lat *-ivus*

*-ary*, Lat *-arius*, also *-er*, *bandeher*, *-eer* in *hackbutter*;

*-er* as *palmer*, *squire*, O F. *esquier*; *career*; *-ar*, *scapular*.

*-al*, Lat. *-alis*, *aventayle*

*-an*, Lat *-anus*, pagan

*Obs*—The nature of the suffix or prefix is a guide to the origin of the word, but not an infallible one, because word-building went on after the two elements had so blended, that some of their particles became thoroughly English, and were used indifferently after any root that was really naturalized. Such words are called *hybrids*. Teutonic words which have come to us through Low Latin and French are not properly to be classed under this head.

*Cp. feudal*

2. Many changes of consonants are common to both elements—

S into R, as *frozen* for *frosen*, *cp* *lorn*.

R into L, as *colonel* (pron *kurnel*), Span. *coronel*.

M into N, as *ant* for *emmet*, *ransom* for *redemption*.

element, whence *bull*, *dairy*, *sledge*, *fellow* (*cp* *feudal*), *stag*, *tarn*, *fell* (a hill, *cp* *Gloss*), so *earl*, though *countess*'s from Latin

<sup>1</sup> *Cp* Notes on Intro. to Canto I

<sup>2</sup> Words in *italics* will be found in the Glossary

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

### IV DOUBLE FORMS

The richness of the English language is due in great measure to the presence of the two elements, as in 'love' and 'affection,' 'house' and 'mansion,' 'readable' and 'legible.' It is also partly due to the great variety of early spelling, as in *stave* and 'staff,' *tryst* and 'trust,' 'metal' and 'mettle,' 'bite' and 'bit,' 'borne' and 'born,' 'feat' and 'fact,' *axle* and 'axle.'

### V MISTAKEN DERIVATION CORRUPTION

Since the changes of language depend on popular use, the key to them will be found in popular instincts. One of these is to resolve all unfamiliar combinations of syllables into familiar ones. Thus 'wise-acre' has arisen from 'weis-sager' (cp *wizard*). Such changes are especially common when the new form turns what appears an unmeaning combination into one that appears significant. Thus, a sailing-boat called by the Greek name of Pteroeessa, 'the Winged,' was speedily converted into the 'Tearing Hisser.' So the 'George Canning' inn has already passed into the 'George and Cannon,'<sup>1</sup> 'counter-dance' (face to face dance), into 'country-dance.' Similar changes, after a more learned fashion, have been made by mistaken etymologists. Thus 'posthumous' owes its *h* to the notion that instead of being a superlative of 'posterus,' it has something to do with 'post humum'<sup>2</sup> (after the father is laid in the ground). In such cases the meaning of words has become gradually assimilated to the mistaken derivation. Cp. under *roundelay*, and also *wilde*, *warison*, and *merry-men*.

### VI MODIFICATION OF MEANING

- Especially 1. specializing *e.g.* count, a companion of king, from companion generally, *poet* from *maker* (*ποιητής*), so *deer*, from 'wild beast' generally, Germ *thier*, Lat *fera*, Gk *θηρ*.<sup>2</sup>
- 2 generalizing, less commonly but especially from outward and visible to inward and mental, as the English *idea*, meaning a notion or opinion of the mind, from the Greek *idéa*, the form or appearance of a thing, often an actual metaphor is involved, as in to *comprehend* with the mind, which first meant to grasp with the hands, so *spiritual* means 'like breath,' and then generally 'as invisible and intangible as breath is.'

<sup>1</sup> Trench, *Eng Past and Pres*, p. 320. So the Puritan 'God encom-passes' into 'Goat and compasses,' and the family motto 'Catus et fidelis' into the 'Cat and fiddle.'

<sup>2</sup> Often the meaning is deteriorated, as *simpleton*, so *presently* has, from general unpunctuality, come to mean 'not at the present moment.' Compare *Anon*.

## ETYMOLOGY

THE references in the Glossary to *Tempest*, *Much Ado*, *Coriolanus*, *A You Like It*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, are to Notes in 'Rugby Editions,' Rivingtons

A S — Anglo-Saxon	O F — Old French
O H G — Old High German	O E — Old English
Etym — Etymology, see above	F Q — Spencer's Faery Queen

The following books have been referred to in the Glossary, under their initials —

D — DIEZ, *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Romanischen Sprachen*

J — JAMIESON, *Scottish Dictionary*

M — R. MORRIS, *English Accidence*

N — NARES, *Glossary*

Sc — SCHELER, *Dictionnaire d'Etymologie Française*

I — ISAAC TAYLOR, *Words and Places*

V — VIGFUSSON, *Icelandic Dictionary* (an invaluable work in course of publication by the Clarendon Press)

W — WEDGWOOD, *Dictionary of English Etymology*

*N.B.* — The Editor has also to acknowledge his obligations to CURTIUS, *Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, which has been constantly consulted, MAETZNER, *Englische Grammatik*, TRENCH, *Words and English Past and Present*. Occasional reference has been made to BURGUY, BRACHET, and LITTRE. Professor PAYNE has kindly given many valuable suggestions.

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO IV

[Words which have occurred in a previous Canto will be found in  
the Glossary to that Canto]

**Almayn**, iv 16, the old *Allemanni* the mercenaries from the Rhine mentioned in stanza 18 Fr *Allemand*, 'a German' Shakspeare uses *Almain* for German, Oth. II iii 86

**a-main**, iv 11, with [might and] *main*, both come from A. S. *a, magan*, 'strength,' like 'I may' Etym iv and v. (cp *Fi main*)

**bartizan**, iv 17, a small overhanging turret projecting from the angles of a wall Eng *brattue*, a fence of boards separating a shaft into two avenues (G *brett*), as lattice, a fence of laths (Other forms are—Scotch *brattys*, It *bestesca*, *baltresca*; Fr. *bretesque*, *breteque*)

**beshrew**, iv 11 *Shrewd* meant 'bad,' so Wiclif, '*shrewd* (evil) generation' The prefix *be* makes this into a transitive verb, so *beshrew* or '*shrew* my heel, means 'evil come to it' W

**bill**, iv 14, a kind of battle-axe G *beil*, axe, Scotch, *bullet ax*, or *balax*. (Bill, a legal writing, according to Wedgwood, is 'bull,' i.e. a sealed document. Lat *bullā*, a ring)

**brand**, iv 9, Germ *brennen*, to burn—(1) a burning piece of wood; (2) a sword, because of its glitter when waved or brandished, Icel *brandr* has both meanings Etym vi.

**brook**, iv 28, 'bear,' 'endure,' G *brauchen*, 'to use,' Icel *bréla*, Lat *fructus, frui* Cp Grimm's Law, Etym i

**cast of hawks**, iv. 11, i.e. a flight of hawks, as many as were let loose at one time In Scotch a cast of herrings means four, i.e. as many as are thrown into a vessel at once

**cleugh**, iv. 8, cliff or glen Scotch has cleuch, cleugh, clowe, cloff (cleft), O E clough; E cleft.—J W

**culver**, caliver, culverine, iv 17, cannon or hand-gun Lat *coluber*, 'a snake,' Fr *couteuvre*, *couteurine*, the death-dealing engine being compared to a deadly snake, as in dragon, an old gun, whence our 'diagoon' Etym ii, vi 2 Cp falcon

**curfew**, iv 6, Fr *courme-feu* or 'fire-cover,' hence the bell for putting out fires, a valuable police regulation to prevent fires in towns of wooden houses, for which the Saxons were indebted to the Normans (The *cur* is the same as *ker-* in *ker-chief*, 'cover (for) head')

**dub**, iv 26, '*invest* with knighthood,' lit. dress [with habili-



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ments of order], cp O F. "la dame armée et com chevalier adoubé," O F. *adoub*, amour so Wedgwood [The common derivation is to *strike* from the tap with the sword, and for this the Icel *dubba* is quoted, but *dubba* is (1) a foreign word, and (2) means to 'trim,' 'dress,' or 'aim,' and not to 'strike']

*emprize*, iv 26, *1 e enter-prize*; Fr *entée-prize*, *1 e prendre entée* [ses mains] Etym III

*falcon*, iv 17, an ancient piece of artillery, a metaphor from the bird of prey (so musket, musquet being used in Dryden for a hawk, It *moschetto*, from *mosca* do, a sparrow-hawk cp Germ *sperber*, which means both 'sparrow-hawk' and 'musket')

*Fastern's night*, iv 6, or fastern's e'en. the eve of the great Fast of Lent (so Yule e'en was Christmas eve, Hallowe'en the eve of All Saints), Germ *fast-nacht*, our Shrove Tuesday, or day of *shewing* and confession before the Fast The day was kept as a carnival: hence the Borderer is aptly represented as doing his last bit of stealing before the Fast came on

*foray*, iv 14, an excursion in quest of *forage*, fodder, or spoil. A German 'Requisition' is a quiet foray under legitimate forms.

*frounce*, iv. 18, 'plaited,' lit wrinkled, from *fions* the forehead, Fr *froncer* Cp. Milton's II Penseroso, 123,

"Not tuck'd and frounced as she was wont,  
With the Attic boy to hunt"

*galliard*, iv 10, 'gay,' Fr *gaillard*; It *gagliardo*, gay, wanton Probably *gala*,<sup>1</sup> as in *gala-day*, and to re-*gale*, Fr. *galer*, 'to feast,' It *gala*, 'a festival dress,' whence It *gallante*, Eng *gallant*, so Lyndsay describes some archers as 'full *galy-arlie* in short clothing of green.' In Shakspeare *galliard* is used for a dance, Twelfth N i. iii. 128, Hen V i ii 252. Is it not from the same root as Gk. *χαλρ-ω*, which is translated by Ulphilas by the Goth *gôljan*? Etym III. 2

*glaiue*, iv 16, a sword, Lat. *gladius*. D Cp. claymore.

*hackbutteer*, iv. 6, musketeer. *hackbut* = Fr *arquebuse*,<sup>2</sup> 'musket,' Ger *haken-buchse* (*haken*, 'hook,' *buchse*, 'gun', Eng *bow*), hence lit a gun barrel fastened by a *hook* to a carriage, as opposed to a handgun. D J. Etym III

*hag*, iv 5, broken ground in a bog Cp. 'a deep muir ground interspersed with moss *hags*,' *1 e* marshy tufts

*harquebuss*, iv. 29, cp *hackbutteer* above.

*harry*, iv 21, to lay waste, plunder, A S *hergian*, to ravage, to harass, *harrow* is another form So Christ is said to have *harrowed* hell, when he brought away the souls of the righteous

<sup>1</sup> Diez however doubts the connection of *gagliardo* either with *gala* (which he says would make *galardo*), or with *gajo*, gay.

<sup>2</sup> The old derivation is Latin *arcus*, bow, and it *bugus*, like *bühser*, a tube, but a 'bow bored through,' or 'bow-barrel,' is not a clear description of a gun D

# GLOSSARY TO CANTO IV

haugh, iv 6, as in Priest-*haugh*, the beacon-hill, Icelandic *haughr*, a mound, akin to *hárr*, 'high,' used also for heap or caun, Scotch *how*.

heriot, iv 10, the fine exacted by a superior on the death of his tenant. The fine was the pick of his property, generally a horse Lyndsay describes it thus—

"Our good grey mare was baiting on the field,  
Our landis-land took her for his *here-geld*"

*Here-gild*, a military tribute, from *here* an army, and *gild* tribute or tax. A *heriot* is one form of a tenure by copyhold, *z e* according to the requirements of the *copy* of a court-roll of the estate. J

irk, iv. 24, 'to weary,' 'distress' A. S. *earg*, sluggish, the Scotch and Eng. *arch*, *archness*, come from this, cp Icel *arg*, effeminate V

jack, iv 5, a curass, and like that properly of leather Cp. "With *jacks* well quilted with soft wool they came to Troy" Chapman, II iii So leather beer jugs are still called black jacks at Winchester. N *Jacket* is dim of G *jacke*, 'a jerkin'

kirtle, iv. 14, gown or mantle. A. S. *cyrtel* Icel *kyrtill* G *kittel*, a smock-frock

lyke-wake, iv 23, watching a dead body before burial A. S. *lu*, a body, as in '*lich*'-gate, G *leiche*, *leich-nam*,—wake, *z e* watch.

merrymen, iv 11, (1) 'cheerfully faithful,' 'merry,' being like our 'jolly,' a slang adjective of the day, used merely as an epithet of praise, like 'ladies *gay*' (cp Earle Philol p 354), or (2) from Icel *mar-r* (O. H. G. *māri* 'glorious' = Geim. herlich), whence *mæring*, 'a noble man' Etym v

mickle, iv. 15, or *muckle*; Eng *much*, Lat *mag-nus*, Gk. μέγας μεγάλ-η, Icel *mikill*

minion, iv. 36, F1 *mignon*, a darling

morion, iv 5, or *munrion*, a helmet with no visor Diez suggests Spanish *morra*, 'a skull,' a kind of cap, others *Moorish*.

morsing-horn, iv 15, powder-horn Perhaps, powder, from being powdered or reduced to morsels if so, Lat *mordeo*, 'bite' (Cp 'bit') G *morser*, a mortar. Jamieson quotes, "God is putting the fiery lint unto the *mosine* of their sudden destruction," which he explains as 'touch-hole.'

partisan, iv 17, a pike, or halberd, *z e* a pole with a bayonet at the end, esp used like a bayonet either to defend foot soldiers against a charge of cavalry, or to charge other foot It *parti-giana*, which Diez thinks is the weapon of a *partisan*, *z e* one who took a side in party warfare as head of a body of light troops

<sup>1</sup> Lich-field has for its arms 'an escutcheon of landscape with three dead bodies thereon' hence it is supposed to = field of the dead, because the Romans murdered Christians here about A.D. 300, so says tradition, but it is more probably *Lake*-field from its marshy situation

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peel, iv 3, *peil*, border-tower, properly a tumulus of earth  
Eng. *pule*

pensil, iv 27, a streamer or banner, Lat *pendeo*, *pensilis*.  
[*N B*—Our *pencil*, properly a painter's brush, comes from *penus*,  
a tail, as Cicero says, "Caudam antiqui *penem* vocabant, ex quo  
est propter similitudinem *penicillus*" Fam ix 22, 2]

pursuivant, iv 23, Fr *poursuivant*, Lat *prosecutor*, lit a  
pursuer or prosecutor at law So in Spenser angels descend

"like flying *pursuivant*"

Against foul fiends to aid us militant"—F Q ii 8 2  
Hence generally a state messenger or herald

read, iv 19, in old sense of 'to counsel,' so 'to *read* one a  
lesson,' then to inform, interpret, as '*read* a riddle,' so our *read*  
is properly to explain, interpret Spenser has *aread*, *areed*, and  
*read*, in the same sense G *rathen*, 'counsel,' *rede*, 'speech'  
Wedgwood thinks the root-meaning is to 'put in order' Per-  
haps connected with '*ready*,' (G *berent*.) as Icelandic *rada*, to  
counsel, means also to resolve, undertake, start.

requiem, iv 29, accus of Lat *requies*, rest, which became  
almost an English word, from being the key-word of a hymn in  
the funeral mass; 'Pie Jesu domine Dona eis *requiem*' *N B*.  
—The accusative, being used far oftener than any other case in  
Latin, was the case most commonly picked up by the barbarians  
in the dark ages, hence the acc. and not the nom is the starting-  
point for the derivation of French words from the Latin.

scrogg, iv. 6, or *shaw*, a *shady* wood. Norse *skogr*. T.

slogan, iv. 25 The war-cry of a border clan. Scotch  
*sloghorn* or *sloghorne*, the war-cry or clan-name. Cp. Irish  
*sluagh*, army, and *corn*, a horn.

swith, iv 22, 'my lady reads you *swith* return.' Scotch  
'swith away!' means 'away quickly;' so

"King Estmere threw the harp aside,

And *swithe* he drew his brand."—Percy Rel. i. p. 75.

So *swith*, 'strong,' *swithe*, 'very.'

tressure, iv 8, a flat binding of threads interlaced, so gold-  
*traced* (tressed), Fr *tresse*, *tresses* being *threefold* plaits of hair.

trou, iv 10, 'believe,' *trust*, cp *true*, *truth*, *trith* Etym. iv.

warison, note of assault, iv 21 Apparently war-sound Fr.  
*guerre*, son The Scotch *warison* means 'reward' or 'guerdon'  
it is used in its right meaning, but spelt *waresons* in Scott,  
Bannatyne Poems, p 192. Can he have been misled by the  
other form, *warison*?

weapon-schaw, iv 28, a muster or *show* of military forces  
(So a muster of men or a 'muster' of peacocks. Lat. *monstro*.)  
*Schaw* is the Scotch form of *show*. A. S. *sceowan*.

## CANTO FIFTH

### I.

CALL it not vain —they do not err,  
Who say, that when the Poet dies  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies .  
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone,  
For the departed Bard make moan ;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill ,  
That flowers in tears of balm distil ,  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh.  
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.

10

### II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
Those things inanimate can mourn ;  
But that the stream, the wood, the gale  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those, who, else forgotten long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
And, with the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death  
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier  
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead,  
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle-plain.  
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,

20



30

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His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die  
His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impel the ill,  
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung

### III

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,  
The terms of truce were scarcely made, 40  
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,  
The advancing march of martial powers  
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,  
And trampling steeds were faintly heard,  
Bright spears above the columns dun,  
Glanced momentary to the sun,  
And feudal banners fair display'd  
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

### IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,  
From the fair Middle Marches came; 50  
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!  
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,  
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne  
Their men in battle-order set,  
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,  
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest  
Of Clarence's Plantagenet  
Nor list I say what hundreds more, 60  
From the rich Meise and Lammermoire,  
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,  
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,  
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,  
Down the steep mountain glittering far,  
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"

### V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,  
On many a courteous message went,  
To every chief and lord they paid  
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;

# CANTO FIFTH

And told them,—how a truce was made, 70  
 And how a day of fight was ta'en  
 'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine ;  
 And how the Ladye prayed them dear,  
 That all would stay the fight to see,  
 And deign in love and courtesy,  
 To taste of Branksome cheer  
 No!, while they bade to feast each Scot,  
 Weie England's noble Lords foigot.  
 Himself, the hoary Seneschal  
 Rode forth, in seemly terms to call 80  
 Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.  
 Accepted Howard, than whom knight  
 Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight ,  
 Nor, when from war and armour free,  
 More famed for stately courtesy :  
 But angry Dacre rather chose  
 In his pavilion to repose.

## VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,  
 How these two hostile armies met ?  
 Deeming it were no easy task 90  
 To keep the truce which here was set ;  
 Where martial spirits, all on fire,  
 Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—  
 By mutual inroads, mutual blows,  
 By habit, and by nation, foes,  
 They met on Tevot's strand ,  
 They met and sate them mingled down,  
 Without a threat, without a frown,  
 As brothers meet in foreign land .  
 The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd, 100  
 Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,  
 Were interchanged in greeting dear ,  
 Visors were raised, and faces shown,  
 And many a friend, to friend made known,  
 Partook of social cheer  
 Some drove the jolly bowl about ,  
 With dice and draughts some chased the day.  
 And some, with many a merry shout,  
 In riot, revelry, and rout,  
 Pursued the foot-ball play. 110

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### VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,  
Or sign of war been seen,  
Those bands, so fair together ranged,  
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,  
Had dyed with gore the green  
The merry shout by Teviot-side  
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,  
And in the groan of death ;  
And whingers, now in friendship bare,  
The social meal to part and share,  
Had found a bloody sheath.  
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change  
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,  
In the old Border-day ;  
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,  
In peaceful merriment sunk down  
The sun's declining ray.

120

### VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay  
Decay'd not with the dying day  
Soon through the latticed windows tall  
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,  
Divided square by shafts of stone,  
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;  
Nor less the gilded rafters rang  
With merry harp and beakers' clang :  
And frequent, on the darkening plain,  
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
As bands, their stragglers to regain,  
Gave the shrill watchword of their clan ;  
And revellers o'er their bowls, proclaim  
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

130

140

### IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,  
At length the various clamours died ;  
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,  
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ;  
Save when the changing sentinel  
The challenge of his watch could tell ;  
And save, where, through the dark profound,  
The clanging axe and hammer's sound

## CANTO FIFTH

Rung from the nether lawn ,  
 For many a busy hand toil'd there,  
 Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,  
 The lists' dread barriers to prepare  
 Against the morrow's dawn. 150

### X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,  
 Despite the Dame's reproving eye ;  
 Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,  
 Full many a stifled sigh ,  
 For many a noble warrior strove  
 To win the Flower of Teviot's love, 160  
 And many a bold ally —  
 With throbbing head and anxious heart,  
 All in her lonely bower apart,  
 In broken sleep she lay .  
 By times, from silken couch she rose ;  
 While yet the banner'd hosts repose,  
 She view'd the dawning day :  
 Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,  
 First woke the loveliest and the best.

### XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,  
 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay ; 170  
 Where courser's clang, and stamp, and snort,  
 Had rung the livelong yesterday ;  
 Now still as death ; till stalking slow,—  
 The jingling spurs announced his tread,  
 A stately warrior pass'd below ,  
 But when he raised his plumed head—  
 Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—  
 Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,  
 He walks through Branksome's hostile towers, 180  
 With fearless step and free.  
 She dared not sign, she dared not speak —  
 Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,  
 His blood the price must pay !  
 Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,  
 Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,  
 Shall buy his life a day



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### XII.

Yet was his hazard small, for well  
You may bethink you of the spell  
Of that sly urchin page, 190  
This to his lord he did impart,  
And made him seem, by glamour art,  
A knight from Hermitage  
Unchalleng'd thus, the warder's post,  
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,  
For all the vassalage  
But O! what magic's quaint disguise  
Could blind fair Margaiet's azure eyes!  
She started from her seat,  
While with surprise and fear she strove, 200  
And both could scarcely master love—  
Lord Henry's at her feet

### XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad  
That foul malicious urchin had  
To bring this meeting round;  
For happy love's a heavenly sight,  
And by a vile malignant sprite  
In such no joy is found;  
And oft I've deem'd perchance he thought  
Their erring passion might have wrought 210  
Sorrow, and sin, and shame;  
And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,  
And to the gentle ladye bright,  
Disgrace, and loss of fame.  
But earthly spirit could not tell  
The heart of them that loved so well.  
True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven  
It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly, 220  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die;  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind—  
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,  
To tell you of the approaching fight.

## CANTO FIFTH

### XIV

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,  
 The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan,      230  
 In haste, the deadly strife to view,  
 The trooping warriors eager ran -  
 Thick round the lists then lances stood,  
 Like blasted pines in Ettuck Wood;  
 To Blanksome many a look they threw,  
 The combatants' approach to view,  
 And banded many a word of boast,  
 About the knight each favour'd most

### XV

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;  
 For now arose disputed claim,      240  
 Of who should fight for Deloraine,  
 'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thurlestane:  
 They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,  
 And frowning brow on brow was bent,  
 But yet not long the strife—for, lo!  
 Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,  
 Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain,  
 In armour sheath'd from top to toe,  
 Appeared, and craved the combat due.      250  
 The Dame her charm successful knew,  
 And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew

### XVI

When for the lists they sought the plain,  
 The stately Lady's silken rein  
 Did noble Howard hold,  
 Unarm'd by her side he walk'd,  
 And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd  
 Of feats of arms of old  
 Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff  
 Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,      260  
 With satin slash'd and lined,  
 Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,  
 His cloak was all of Poland fur,  
 His hose with silver twined;  
 His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,  
 Hung in a broad and studded belt;  
 Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still  
 Call noble Howard, Belted Will.

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## XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,  
 Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,  
 Whose foot-cloth swept the ground : 270  
 White was her wimple, and her veil,  
 And her loose locks a chaplet pale  
 Of whitest roses bound ;  
 The lordly Angus, by her side,  
 In courtesy to cheer her tried ;  
 Without his aid, her hand in vain  
 Had strove to guide her broder'd rein.  
 He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight  
 Of warriors met for mortal fight ,  
 But cause of terror, all unguess'd, 280  
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,  
 When, in their chairs of crimson plac'd,  
 The Dame and she the barriers grac'd.

## XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,  
An English knight led forth to view ;  
Scarcely rued the boy his present plight,  
So much he long'd to see the fight.  
Within the lists, in knightly pride,  
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;  
Their leading staffs of steel they wield, 290  
As Marshals of the mortal field ;  
While to each knight their care assign'd,  
Like vantage of the sun and wind.  
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,  
In King and Queen, and Warden's name,  
That none, while lasts the strife,  
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,  
Aid to a champion to afford,  
On peril of his life ,  
And not a breath the silence broke, 300  
Till thus the alternate Herald spoke : —

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

“Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,  
Good knight and true, and freely born,  
Amends from Deloraine to crave,  
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.

## CANTO FIFTH

He sayeth, that William of Deloraine  
Is traitor false by Boider laws ;  
This with his sword he will maintain,  
So help him God and his good cause !”

### XX.

#### SCOTTISH HERALD.

“Here standeth William of Deloraine, 310  
Good knight and true, of noble strain,  
Who sayeth, that foul treason’s stain,  
Since he bore arms, ne’er soil’d his coat ;  
And that, so help him God above !  
He will on Musgrave’s body prove,  
He lies most foully in his throat.”

#### LORD DACRE.

“Forward, brave champions to the fight !  
Sound trumpets !”—

#### LORD HOME.

—“God defend the right !”—  
Then Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,  
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang 320  
Let loose the martial foes.  
And in mid list, with shield poised high,  
And measured step and wary eye,  
The combatants did close.

### XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,  
Ye lovely listeners, to hear  
How to the axe the helms did sound,  
And blood pour’d down from many a wound ;  
For desperate was the strife, and long,  
And either warrior fierce and strong. 330  
But, were each dame a listening knight,  
I well could tell how warriors fight !  
For I have seen war’s lightning flashing,  
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,  
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,  
And scorn’d, amid the reeling strife,  
To yield a step for death or life.—

# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

## XXII

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow  
 Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain ;  
 He stives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no ! 340  
 Thence never shalt thou rise again !  
 He chokes in blood—some friendly hand  
 Undo the visor's barred band,  
 Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,  
 And give him room for life to gasp !  
 O, bootless aid—haste, holy Friar,  
 Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !  
 Of all his guilt let him be shaven,  
 And smooth his path from earth to heaven !

## XXIII

In haste the holy Friar sped — 350  
 His naked foot was dyed with red.  
 As through the lists he ran  
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,  
 That hail'd the conqueror's victory,  
 He raised the dying man,  
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,  
 As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer ;  
 And still the crucifix on high  
 He holds before his darkening eye ;  
 And still he bends an anxious ear, 360  
 His faltering penitence to hear,  
 Still props him from the bloody sod,  
 Still, even when soul and body part,  
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,  
 And bids him trust in God !  
 Unheard he plays,—the death-pang's o'er !  
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

## XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,  
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight,  
 The silent victor stands, 370  
 His beaver did he not unclasp,  
 Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp  
 Of gratulating hands  
 When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,  
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise  
 Among the Scottish bands ;

# CANTO FIFTH

And all, amid the throng'd array  
 In panic haste give open way  
 To a half-naked ghastly man,  
 Who downward from the castle ran : 380  
 He cross'd the barriers at a bound,  
 And wild and haggard look'd around,  
 As dizzy and in pain ;  
 And all, upon the armed ground,  
 Knew William of Deloraine !  
 Each ladye sprung from seat with speed •  
 Vaulted each marshal from his steed ,  
 " And who art thou," they cried,  
 " Who hast this battle fought and won ?"  
 His pluméd helm was soon undone— 390  
 " Cianstoun of Teviot-side !  
 For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—  
 And to the Ladye led her son.

## XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,  
 And often press'd him to her breast ;  
 For, under all her dauntless show,  
 Her heart had throbb'd at every blow ;  
 Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,  
 Though low he kneelèd at her feet.  
 Mc lists not tell what words were made, 400  
 What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—  
 —For Howard was a generous foe—  
 And how the clan united pray'd  
 The Ladye would the feud forego,  
 And deign to bless the nuptial hour  
 Of Cianstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

## XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,  
 Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,  
 Then broke her silence stern and still,—  
 " Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me, 410  
 Their influence kindly stars may shower  
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,  
 For pride is quell'd, and love is free"—  
 She took fair Margaret by the hand,  
 Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand ;  
 That hand to Cianstoun's lord gave she.—

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

"As I am true to thee and thine,  
Do thou be true to me and mine!

This clasp of love our bond shall be;  
For this is your betrothing day,  
And all these noble lords shall stay,  
To grace it with their company"—

420

### XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,  
Much of the story she did gain,  
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,  
And of his page, and of the Book  
Which from the wounded knight he took;  
And how he sought her castle high,  
That morn, by help of gamarye,  
How, in Sir William's armour dight,  
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,  
He took on him the single fight.  
But half his tale he left unsaid,  
And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—  
Cared not the Ladye to betray  
Her mystic arts in view of day;  
But well she thought, ere midnight came,  
Of that strange page the pride to tame,  
From his foul hands the Book to save,  
And send it back to Michael's grave —  
Needs not to tell each tender word  
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;  
Nor how she told of former woes,  
And how her bosom fell and rose,  
While he and Musgrave bandied blows —  
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell  
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

430

440

### XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance  
Had waken'd from his deathlike trance;  
And taught that, in the listed plain,  
'Another in his arms and shield,  
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,  
Under the name of Deloraine.  
Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,  
And hence his presence scared the clan,

450

## CANTO FIFTH

Who held him for some fleeting wrath,  
 And not a man of blood and breath.  
 Not much this new ally he loved,  
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,  
     He greeted him right heartily 460  
 He would not waken old debate,  
 For he was void of rancorous hate  
     Though rude, and scant of courtesy,  
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,  
 Unless when men-at-arms withstood,  
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud  
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,  
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe  
     And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,  
     When on dead Musgrave he look'd down, 470  
 ! Grief darkened on his rugged brow,  
 ! Though half disguised with a frown,  
 And, thus, while sorrow bent his head,  
 His foeman's epitaph he made —

### XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here !  
     I ween my deadly enemy ;  
 For if I slew thy brother dear,  
     Thou slew'st a sister's son to me ;  
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,  
     Of Naworth's Castle, long months three, 48  
 Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,  
     Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee  
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,  
     And thou wert now alive, as I,  
 No mortal man should us divide,  
     Till one, or both of us, did die :  
 Yet rest thee God ! for well I know  
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.  
 In all the northern counties here,  
     Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear, 490  
 Thou wert the best to follow gear !  
 'Twas pleasure as we look'd behind,  
 To see how thou the chase could'st wind,  
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,  
 And with the bugle rouse the fray !  
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."—



# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL



## XXX

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band,  
 Were bowning back to Cumberland.  
 They raised brave Musgrave from the field, 500  
 And laid him on his bloody shield,  
 On level'd lances, four and four,  
 By turns, the noble burden bore,  
 Before, at times, upon the gale,  
 Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;  
 Behind, four priests, in sable stole,  
 Sung requiem for the warrior's soul.  
 Around, the horsemen slowly rode;  
 With trailing pikes the spearmen rode;  
 And thus the gallant knight they bore, 510  
 Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore,  
 Thence to Holme Coltrane's lofty nave,  
 And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,  
 The mimic march of death prolong;  
 Now seems it far, and now a-near,  
 Now meets, and now eludes the ear;  
 Now seems some mountain side to sweep,  
 Now faintly dies in valley deep;  
 Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail, 520  
 Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;  
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,  
 Rung the full choir in choral slave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,  
 Why he, who touched the harp so well,  
 Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,  
 Wander a poor and thankless soil,  
 When the more generous Southern Land  
 Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er 530  
 His only friend, his harp, was dear,  
 Liked not to hear it rank'd so high  
 Above his flowing poesy  
 Less liked he still, that scornful jeer  
 Misprised the land he loved so dear,  
 High was the sound, as thus again  
 The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

## NOTES TO CANTO V

1 and 2 Observe how the poet rises above the simple ballad here, hitherto the poem has been rather a romance of *incident*, and of incidents that are interesting in themselves, as involving elements of marvellousness, heroism, and a little mystery but here we approach nearer the higher imaginative poetry of *feeling*, of which Wordsworth's ode on the 'Inimations of Immortality' is an example. The object of imaginative literature being to give pleasure, it naturally selects those ideas of nature which address themselves not to the logical or scientific understanding, but to the feelings and the imagination. One of the terrors of death is the apparent callousness of nature to the fate of her children, therefore the poet directly combats this by appealing to the sights and sounds of nature as proofs of her sympathy with the loss of her priest—the Bard.

Thus he appeals to the mountain-hills and the dew on the flowers as the signs of weeping, to the echoes of the wind in the hollows of the hills, the sighing of the trees, and the melancholy murmurs of the river, as the notes of wailing at the Bard's funeral. The solitary grandeur of mountain scenery is especially stimulating to the imagination, as every traveller feels, and as the superstitions of the inhabitants shew.

1 *call it not vain* 'It' is the belief which follows.

*And rivers teach, etc.* The sympathy of nature with man's distress is a favourite theme with modern poets. Milton touches the same feeling when he makes Cymburge, under the figure of its river, lament the death of Lycidas, by the slowness of its stream, and by its banks being in the garb of mourning, expressing his grief, like the blood coloured hyacinth or iris, which was fabled to have on its petals the letters *Al* or *ala?*, alas!—

"Next Camus, reverend sire, came footing slow,  
His mitre hary and with bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe,  
'Ah! who hath left,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'"

Notice how Milton uses the little classical fable to idealise the sluggish fen-country.

2 So Shelley makes all the powers of nature mourn for  
SCOTT—LAV III ] D

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Adonais, grateful for the songs in which he had celebrated their praises — Adonais, iv —

“ All he had loved and moulded into thought,  
From shape and hue and colour and sweet sound,  
Lamented Adonais Morning sought  
Her eastern watchtower, and her lantern unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,  
Dimmed the acrid eyes that kindle day,  
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,  
Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay,

And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay ”

[The lovely forms, colours, scents, and sounds of nature seem fainter, as if mourning for the death of the poet Keats, who had so perfectly expressed them in his verse — the morn after his death seems dull and dim, as if the dew which should glitter on the ground had passed into a tearful mist, obscuring the sun's rays from peering freely over the Eastern hiltops, while sea and sky alike ‘sob’ in stormy sympathy.]

*Whose memory feels* — *Whose* grammatically would refer to the poet, but the emphasis previously laid on the ‘who lived’ shews that they are the antecedents

“ *All morn the Minstrel's harp unstrung, etc* Compare Adonais, iv —

“ O weep for Adonais! — The quick dreams,  
The passion-winged ministers of thought,  
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
The love which was its music, wander not, —  
Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,  
But droop there, whence they sprung, and mourn their lot  
Round the cold heart where, after their sweet pain,  
They never will gather strength, nor find a home again ”

[The succession of beautiful creations of his fancy, drawing their life not from the outward world but from his imagination, and set in songs that were musical with his own love of nature, has now, alas! come to a close. There will be no more new fancies to thrill men's hearts with sympathy with the poet, for the creative power that could soar so high aloft now lies low, benumbed with the death-stroke that has chilled the poet's heart.]

Observe how Scott, the poet of external nature, speaks of actual beings as lamenting their poet, to Shelley dreams are as real as living persons, they were indeed to Shelley, as to Keats, the ‘flocks’ whom his young spirit ‘fed’

Scott, now pretending to moderate his personification of nature as too bold, expands the same idea in a new form, by describing

## NOTES TO CANTO V

the mountains, groves, and plains are still haunted by the spirits of those whom the poet has made live again in his song. The dew on the flower is now the maiden's tear, the moan of the wind the knight's lament that the fame he lived for will die through the poet's death, the groan of the citizen and tears that flood the mill mark the anger of the chief, whose power was long celebrated in the feudal ballads, but whose grave, now unsung, will be 'undistinguished' from that of the meanest of the churls he ruled.

4 *val'd* Simple for compound (I at *valere*), for the omission of 'it' cp *him list'd*, II 13, and for the omission of 'which' or 'that,' Intro'd Giam IV

*Bloody Heart* It was to a Devil's that Robert Bruce committed his heart to be carried to the Holy Land hence thou art's

*spurn* Generally active, to kick with the *spur*, here neuter, to 'kick up the heels'

*Seven Spears* The seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburn

*Swinton* "At the battle of Beaugé in France, the Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V, was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet of precious stones which he wore round his crest"—SCOTT

*list*, GI

5 *prayed them dear*[ly], *i.e.* as a matter she prized highly.

6 *sate them mingled down* Compare the friendly intercourse between some of the French and German outposts in exchanging necessaries during the long siege of Metz. For 'sate *them*,' cp on II 21

*vivon*, GI

*jolly bowl*. So 'the jolly god' See note on III 2.

7 *whinger*, GI

8 *wasn't*, GI

9 *Stion, falls, etc.* This line was not in the first edition. It was perhaps inserted to make the picture more concrete

*ists*. GI

10. *by times* The older form of the preposition is generally used, *be-times*, *i.e.* by the proper time, 'daily'

*soken*. Think what is the force of the epithet.

11 *Oxsenam* or Oxnem, the seat of the Ciansouns, near Jedburgh and Cessford

12 *glamoun* III, GI

13 *The love's the gift* Cp III 1 for a similar burst of feeling, making, as this does, that Ciansoun's love for Margaret is the central point of the poem.

# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

- 14 *port*, Gl  
 15 *The Dame her charm, etc* See iii 23.  
 16 *doublet, marchmen*, Gl  
*buff* A material so thick as often to resist a blow from a sword it was properly made from the skin of the *buffs*, *buffs*, or *buff-alo*  
*dash'd* Properly 'cut,' hence 'cut so as to shew openings of another material'  
 17 *wimple*, Gl  
*cause of terror* Cp ii  
 18 *scarce rued the boy* Another touch of character, to indicate us in his fate, cp iii 15 *Rue*, Gl  
 "The whole scene of the duel or judicial combat is conducted according to the strictest ordinances of chivalry, and delineated with all the minuteness of an ancient romance. The reader will probably find it rather tedious, all but the concluding stanzas, which are in a loftier measure—'Tis done, 'tis done'"—  
 JFFERY  
 19 *despiteous* An old form of *despiteful*, so Hubert says of his tears (K. John i. iv 34),  
 "Turning *despiteous* torture out of door."  
*scathe*, Gl  
 20 *stram*, Gl  
 21 *claymore*, Gl  
 22 *visor, gorget, bootless, shrive (shrift)*, Gl  
 23 Another of Scott's vivid pictures. Notice the epithets, and how the outward guise and action of the Friar is made to express his inner feelings  
 24 The effect of the scene is heightened by Deloraine appearing before it is known who Cianstoun is. Incidents interesting in themselves are generally of three kinds,—(1) the marvellous, of which the magical interventions of the Ladye, the Wizard, and the Dwarf are instances, (2) danger and adventure, as the combats of Cianstoun with Deloraine and with Muirgrave and the night-ride to Melrose, (3) the unexpected, esp a mystification, which creates in the reader a perpetual wonder and curiosity to know what is coming next of this last we have a good instance here Eng. Less. § 69  
 The poem, as far as the story goes, is now practically finished, for the sixth canto seems added only to give the poet the opportunity of describing the marriage feast—something like the last chapter in a novel. As however it contains the beautiful little romance of Rosabelle, we could not spare it  
*beaver*, Gl, *mai-shal*, cp s v *semi-schal* Gl  
*as dizzy* Complete the construction  
 25 Compare this with the struggle of feeling in iv 25, and

## NOTES TO CANTO V

observe how the Lady's abhorrence of Cianstoun is brought out by contrast with her tenderness towards her son.

*list*, Gl

26 *influence* Cp 1 17 and note.

27 *giamar ye* iii. and vi, *dight* 1 and vi, Gl

*needs not to tell* Cp *him listed*, 11 13

28 *wraith*, Gl

Observe the rhymes here *wraith*, *bicath*, *loved*, *proved*; *blood*, *withstood*, *feud*, *head*, *made*. Cp on *Introd Metie*, iv

29 *it was long of thee* *A-long of*, in sense of 'on account of,' O E *ge-lang*, is quite a different word from *along*, in sense of 'lengthwise,' O E *on lunge* Cp *Canol v n* 31, 'All this is *long* of you,' and *Cymbeline* says, v v 271, 'And *long* of her it was That we meet here so strangely'

*mark* Measures have often no plural, cp 'ten stone,' 'score,' etc, for deriv. cp Gl

*gear*, Gl

*us we look'd behind* The Scotch have made the *moad*, and are now returning with their booty, *Musgrave* tracks their winding course with the bloodhound. The bloodhound was regularly used to follow marauders.

30 *bowme* iii, *stole* vi., *requiem* iv, *nave*, Gl

31 Epilogue—*slave*, *misprised*, Gl.

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO V

[Words which are not found in a previous Canto will be found in the Glossary to that Canto.]

beaver, v 24 (cp *aventayle*, Canto II, Glossary), a movable mouthpiece of a helmet to enable the wearer to drink (cp *bever*, *beve*, Fi *beve*, O II *beve*, Lat *biber*, cp *ivy* and *eburne*, Canto VI, Glossary)

boot-less, v 22, 'unavailing,' cp *booty*, to *boot*, *but-ter* Icel *búta-laus*, 'bootless,' 'getting no redress,' O II G *fuor*, a, by Grimm's law, Etym I

clay-more, or glaymore, v 21, great (iron) sword Gaelic *claidheamh*, glaive, Lat *gladius*, *more*, 'great,' and cp Welsh, *glaf*, 'sword,' and *maer*, 'great'

doublet, v 16, a coat made *doubly* thick, wadded for defence Cp *acton*

gear, v 29, 'Thou wert the best to follow gear' (booty) *gear* means armour, goods, booty, any tools, money 'Gaihtled in his gear' means ready in his armour In Spenser, F Q II iv. 26, 'in her most gorgeous gear,' *ie* dress Icel *gæth*, gear, harness, armour Cp *gyrd* a girdle, *gyrd* to gird

gorget, v 22, armour on the throat Cp *corslet*, Canto I, Glossary

list, v 9, (1) selvage (self-edge) of cloth, (2) a line enclosing, (3) pluri enclosure within lines, ground for combat G *list*, Lat *lignum*, It *lucra*, *lizza*, both *list* of cloth and *lists* of tilt-yard. W Etym VI

mark, v 29, 135 41, an amount *marked* off as a fixed measure = 8 oz of silver Cp *march*, Canto I, Glossary (Others from Venetian St Mark)

misprise, v 32, cp Fi *m'prise*, to despise, to value at a low price, Lat *minus pretium* Etym III

nave, v 30, the body of church as distinguished from the aisles or wings, it comes from the Low Latin expression '*nave* ecclesie,' esp used of the 'vaulted roof,' which is supposed to be compared to the hull of a ship; Fi *naf*, is both a ship and a nave But is not the Low Latin expression a corruption of some Teutonic word like *navul*, cp *nave* of wheel? Wedgwood notices the likeness between Sp. *cubo*, a nave of wheel, and It *cuba*,

# GLOSSARY TO CANTO V

nave of church The *keel pl. nefs*, (A S *nēf*) a main, 'the clasp, naves or rings by which the projecting ends of beam at the corners of walls were welded together' cp Vigfusson This agrees with the use in Ducange, 'in *nave* qua est *super altare* sacræ tecti iustitiam' Etym. v

poet, v 11, 'the pipe's shrill *poet*,' i.e. a catch or lively tune, esp. for bagpipes (Celtic)

scathe, v 19, 'injury,' as in *scatheless*, *un-scathed* G *schaden*, 'to injure'

seneschal, v 2, the oldest servant, steward O II G *smi-schala*, Goth *smegs*, old *schicks*, servant—D W Cp *man schal*, v 24, from *muc-schik*, horse servant, the minister of the horse *Schik* seems to be used in old Scotch both for servant and knight Cp German *knecht*, and Eng. *thane*

shrift, v 22, absolution, from to *shrive*, A S *scrifan*, Germ *schreiben*, Lat *scribo* The derivation is supposed to come from the 'written' penance imposed, but was there any 'writing' in the matter? These words originally meant to 'scratch', so does not 'shrift' mean *the blotting out* of sins, but *the scratching out*? Cp to *scribble* with to 'scribble (or card) wool,' so to *scrub*, *scrape* Etym. vi 1

stave, v 30, in the sense of 'song,' is a metaphor from the *stave* of a cask, hence a part, e.g. in psalm singing, 'a verse given out to be repeated by the congregation' It is the same word as *stuff* W Cp Etym. iv

strain, v 20, A S and Scotch, *strynd*, 'kindred,' cp 'he has a *strynd* or *strain* of his grandfather,' i.e. resembles him W 1

thane, v 2, a Saxon title of honour, though from *theman*, to serve G *diemen* The motto of the Prince of Wales is *Ih dun*, 'I serve' [So knight is *knecht*, a servant, the prime minister is the chief servant, or 'little man' (Lat *minor*, *minoris*) as opposed to the king or *magister*, 'the great man']

visor, v 22, the part of the helmet which let down over the face (visage) Fr *visière* See under *aventayle*, Canto II., Glossary

wassail, v 8, revel, *wassailers*, revellers Lat 'be hale,' i.e. you good health, A S *wæs hæl* to which the answer was 'dine hæl,' i.e. I drink you good health So compare how 'something to drink you health' has become the stereotyped form of begging for a drink The customs of grace-cups in colleges seem to be relics of the solemn forms of health-drinking among our Norse ancestors, cp Hamlet, i iv 8-20, and *carouse*, Canto VI., Glossary

whinger, v 7, a sort of hanger used for a knife at meals, and



## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

a weapon in broils like *whinyard*, it is apparently a fanciful corruption of *hanȝer* (a dirk *huing* at the side), formed from the *whizzing*, *whinging*, or *swinging* blow. So Icel. *hanna*, is to 'whiz' of a shaft. Cp. *llym* 1.

**wimple**, v. 17, a folded neckerchief, to *wimple* is to fold, and 'the wimpling burn' means the winding stream. G. *wimpel*, a flag, represented in French by *gumpe*, O. F. *gumple* (as was by *guene*).

**wraith**, v. 28, the spectral apparition of a living person. Derivation unknown. Is it not *wreathe*, *wrethe*, a spectre being like a *wreath* of mist?

# English School-Classics

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MACAULAY'S ESSAY

ON

*MOORE'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON*

# ENGLISH SCHOOL CLASSICS

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LORD MACAULAY'S ESSAY

ON

MOORE'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON

Edited with Notes

BY

FRANCIS STORR, B A

ASSISTANT-MASTER AT MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE

RIVINGTONS

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ON

MOORE'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

WE have read this book with the greatest pleasure. Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. It contains, indeed, no single passage equal to two or three which we could select from the *Life of Sheridan*. But, as a whole, it is immeasurably superior to that work. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation. Nor is the matter inferior to the manner.

It would be difficult to name a book which exhibits more kindness, fairness, and modesty. It has evidently been written, not for the purpose of showing, what, however, it often shows, how well its author can write, but for the purpose of vindicating, as far as truth will permit, the memory of a celebrated man who can no longer vindicate himself. Mr Moore never thrusts himself between Lord Byron and the public. With the strongest temptations to egotism, he has said no more about himself than the subject absolutely required. A great part—indeed, the greater part, of these volumes, consists of extracts from the letters and journals of Lord Byron; and it is difficult to speak too highly of the skill which has been shown in the selection and arrangement. We will not say that we have not occasionally remarked in these two large quartos an anecdote which should have been omitted, a letter which should have been suppressed, a name which should have been concealed by asterisks, or asterisks which do not answer the purpose of concealing the name. But it is impos-

sible, on a general survey, to deny that the task has been executed with great judgment and great humanity. When we consider the life which Lord Byron had led, his petulance, his irritability, and his communicativeness, we cannot but admire the dexterity with which Mr Moore has contrived to exhibit so much of the character and opinions of his friend, with so little pain to the feelings of the living.

The extracts from the journals and correspondence of Lord Byron are in the highest degree valuable—not merely on account of the information which they contain respecting the distinguished man by whom they were written, but on account also of their rare merit as compositions. The letters, at least those which were sent from Italy, are among the best in our language. They are less affected than those of Pope and Walpole,—they have more matter in them than those of Cowper. Knowing that many of them were not written merely for the person to whom they were directed, but were general epistles, meant to be read by a large circle, we expected to find them clever and spirited, but deficient in ease. We looked with vigilance for instances of stiffness in the language and awkwardness in the transitions. We have been agreeably disappointed; and we must confess that, if the epistolary style of Lord Byron was artificial, it was a rare and admirable instance of that highest art which cannot be distinguished from nature.

Of the deep and painful interest which this book excites no abstract can give a just notion. So sad and dark a story is scarcely to be found in any work of fiction, and we are little disposed to envy the moralist who can read it without being softened.

The pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrates the character of her son the Regent might, with little change, be applied to Byron. All the faivics, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf, who had been uninvited, came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favourite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite

extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient, indeed, and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor, and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and feeling heart, but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuary loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect, affectionate yet perverse, a poor lord, and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and the most judicious training. But capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the parent to whom the office of forming his character was intrusted was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of tenderness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses,—at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world; and the world treated him as his mother had treated him—sometimes with fondness, sometimes with cruelty, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child,—not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merit. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

Everything that could stimulate, and everything that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature,—



the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest women,—all this world and all the glory of it were at once offered to a young man to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to control them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuse to plead for their faults. But his courtiers and his countrywomen would love him and admire him. They were resolved to see in his excesses only the flash and outbreak of that same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. He attacked religion, yet in religious circles his name was mentioned with fondness, and in many religious publications his works were censured with singular tenderness. He lampooned the Prince Regent; yet he could not alienate the Tories. Everything, it seemed, was to be forgiven to youth, rank, and genius.

Then came the reaction. Society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling. He had been worshipped with an irrational idolatry. He was persecuted with an irrational fury. Much has been written about those unhappy domestic occurrences which decided the fate of his life. Yet nothing is, nothing ever was, positively known to the public but this, that he quarrelled with his lady, and that she refused to live with him. There have been hints in abundance, and shugs and shakings of the head, and "Well, well, we know," and "We could an if we would," and "If we list to speak," and "There be that might an they list." But we are not aware that there is before the world, substantiated by credible or even by tangible evidence, a single fact indicating that Lord Byron was more to blame than any other man who is on bad terms with his wife. The professional men whom Lady Byron consulted were undoubtedly of opinion that she ought not to live with her husband. But it is to be remembered that they formed that opinion without hearing both sides. We do not say, we do not mean to insinuate, that Lady Byron was in any respect to blame. We think that those who condemn her on the evidence which is now before the public are as rash as those who condemn her husband. We will not pronounce any judgment, we cannot, even in our

own minds, form any judgment on a transaction which is so imperfectly known to us. It would have been well if, at the time of the separation, all those who knew as little about the matter then as we know about it now had shown that forbearance which, under such circumstances, is but common justice.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he has to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heartbroken. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more.

It is clear that those vices which destroy domestic happiness ought to be as much as possible repressed. It is equally clear that they cannot be repressed by penal legislation. It is, therefore, right and desirable that public opinion should be directed against them. But it should be directed against them uniformly, steadily, and temperately, not by sudden fits and starts. There should be one weight and one measure. Decimation is always an objectionable mode of punishment. It is the resource of judges too indolent and hasty to investigate facts and to discriminate nicely between shades of guilt. It is an irrational practice, even when adopted by military tribunals. When adopted by the tribunal of public opinion,

it is infinitely more irrational. It is good that a certain portion of disgrace should constantly attend on certain bad actions. But it is not good that the offenders should merely have to stand the risks of a lottery of infamy, that ninety-nine out of every hundred should escape, and that the hundredth, perhaps the most innocent of the hundred, should pay for all. We remember to have seen a mob assembled in Lincoln's Inn to hoot a gentleman against whom the most oppressive proceeding known to the English law was then in progress. He was hooted because he had been an indifferent and unfaithful husband, as if some of the most popular men of the age—Lord Nelson for example—had not been unfaithful husbands. We remember a still stronger case. Will posterity believe that, in an age in which men whose gallantries were universally known, and had been legally proved, filled some of the highest offices in the state and in the army, presided at the meetings of religious and benevolent institutions,—were the delight of every society, and the favourites of the multitude,—a crowd of moralists went to the theatre, in order to pelt a poor actor for disturbing the conjugal felicity of an alderman? What there was in the circumstances either of the offender or of the sufferer to vindicate the zeal of the audience, we could never conceive. It has never been supposed that the situation of an actor is peculiarly favourable to the rigid virtues, or that an alderman enjoys any special immunity from injuries such as that which on this occasion roused the anger of the public. But such is the justice of mankind.

In these cases the punishment was excessive; but the offence was known and proved. The case of Lord Byron was harder. True Jedwood justice was dealt out to him. First came the execution, then the investigation, and last of all, or rather not at all, the accusation. The public, without knowing anything whatever about the transactions in his family, flew into a violent passion with him, and proceeded to invent stories which might justify its anger. Ten or twenty different accounts of the separation, inconsistent with each other, with themselves, and with common sense, circulated at the same time. What evidence there might be for any one of these, the virtuous people who repeated them neither knew or cared. For,

in fact, these stories were not the causes, but the effects of the public indignation. They resembled those loathsome slanders which Goldsmith and other abject libellers of the same class were in the habit of publishing about Bonaparte,—how he poisoned a girl with arsenic when he was at the military school,—that he hired a grenadier to shoot Dessaix at Marengo,—that he filled St. Cloud with all the pollutions of Capie.<sup>a</sup> There was a time when anecdotes like these obtained some credence from persons who, hating the French Emperor without knowing why, were eager to believe anything which might justify their hatred. Lord Byron failed in the same way. His countrymen were in a bad humour with him. His writings and his character had lost the charm of novelty. He had been guilty of the offence which, of all offences, is punished most severely, he had been over-praised; he had excited too warm an interest; and the public, with its usual justice, chastised him for its own folly. The attachments of the multitude bear no small resemblance to those of the wanton enchantress in the Arabian Tales, who, when the forty days of her fondness were over, was not content with dismissing her lovers, but condemned them to expiate, in loathsome shapes, and under severe punishments, the crime of having once pleased her too well.

The obloquy which Byron had to endure was such as might well have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theatres shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had lately been the observed of all observers. All those creeping things that riot in the decay of nobler natures hastened to their repast; and they were right;—they did after their kind. It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit, and the degradation of such a name.

The unhappy man left his country for ever. The howl of contumely followed him across the sea, up the Rhine, over the Alps; it gradually waxed fainter; it died away. Those who had raised it began to ask each other what, after all, was the matter about which they had been so clamorous, and wished to invite back the criminal whom they had just chased from them. His poetry became more popular than it had ever been; and his complaints

were read with tears by thousands and tens of thousands who had never seen his face.

He had fixed his home on the shores of the Adriatic, in the most picturesque and interesting of cities, beneath the brightest of skies, and by the brightest of seas. Consciousness was not the vice of the neighbours whom he had chosen. They were a race corrupted by a bad government and a bad religion, long renowned for skill in the arts of voluptuousness, and tolerant of all the caprices of sensuality. From the public opinion of the country of his adoption he had nothing to dread. With the public opinion of the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into wild and desperate excesses, ennobled by no generous or tender sentiment. From his Venetian haire he sent forth volume after volume, full of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, of boldness, and of bitter disdain. His health sank under the effects of his intemperance. His hair turned grey. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish together.

From this wretched degradation he was in some measure rescued by a connection, culpable indeed, yet such as, if it were judged by the standard of morality established in the country where he lived, might be called virtuous. But an imagination polluted by vice, a temper embittered by misfortune, and a frame habituated to the fatal excitement of intoxication, prevented him from fully enjoying the happiness which he might have derived from the purest and most tranquil of his many attachments. Midnight draughts of ardent spirits and Rhenish wines had begun to work the ruin of his fine intellect. His verse lost much of the energy and condensation which had distinguished it. But he would not resign, without a struggle, the empire which he had exercised over the men of his generation. A new dream of ambition rose before him,—to be the chief of a literary party, to be the great mover of an intellectual revolution,—to guide the public mind of England from his Italian retreat, as Voltaire had guided the public mind of France from the villa of Ferney. With this hope, as it should seem he established *The Liberal*. But, powerfully as he had affected the imaginations of his contemporaries,

he mistook his own powers if he hoped to direct their opinions, and he still more grossly mistook his own disposition, if he thought that he could long act in concert with other men of letters. The plan failed, and failed ignominiously. Angry with himself, angry with his coadjutors, he relinquished it, and turned to another project, the last and noblest of his life.

A nation, once the first among the nations, pre-eminent in knowledge, pre-eminent in military glory, the cradle of philosophy, of eloquence, and of the fine arts, had been for ages bowed down under a cruel yoke. All the vices which tyranny generates,—the abject vices which it generates in those who submit to it,—the ferocious vices which it generates in those who struggle against it,—had deformed the character of that miserable race. The valour which had won the great battle of human civilisation,—which had saved Europe, which had subjugated Asia, lingered only among pirates and robbers. The ingenuity, once so conspicuously displayed in every department of physical and moral science, had been depraved into a timid and servile cunning. On a sudden this degraded people had risen on their oppressors. Discouraged or betrayed by the surrounding potentates, they had found in themselves something of that which might well supply the place of all foreign assistance,—something of the energy of their fathers.

As a man of letters, Lord Byron could not but be interested in the event of this contest. His political opinions, though, like all his opinions, unsettled, leaned strongly towards the side of liberty. He had assisted the Italian insurgents with his purse, and, if their struggle against the Austrian government had been prolonged, would probably have assisted them with his sword. But to Greece he was attached by peculiar ties. He had when young resided in that country. Much of his most splendid and popular poetry had been inspired by its scenery and by its history. Sick of inaction,—degraded in his own eyes by his private vices and by his literary failures,—pining for untried excitement and honourable distinction,—he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirit to the Grecian camp.

His conduct in his new situation showed so much vigour and good sense as to justify us in believing that,

if his life had been prolonged, he might have distinguished himself as a soldier and a politician. But pleasure and sorrow had done the work of seventy years upon his delicate frame. The hand of death was upon him: he knew it, and the only wish which he uttered was that he might die sword in hand.

This was denied to him. Anxiety, exertion, exposure, and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched him on a sick bed, in a strange land, amidst strange faces, without one human being he loved near him. There, at thirty-six, the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career.

We cannot even now retace those events without feeling something of what was felt by the nation when it was first known that the grave had closed over so much sorrow and so much glory,—something of what was felt by those who saw the hearse, with its long train of coaches, turn slowly northward, leaving behind it that cemetery which had been consecrated by the dust of so many great poets, but of which the doors were closed against all that remained of Byron. We well remember that on that day rigid moralists could not refrain from weeping for one so young, so illustrious, so unhappy, gifted with such rare gifts, and tried by such strong temptations. It is unnecessary to make any reflections. The history carries its moral with it. Our age has indeed been fruitful of warnings to the eminent, and of consolations to the obscure. Two men have died within our recollection who, at the time of life at which many people have hardly completed their education, had raised themselves, each in his own department, to the height of glory. One of them died at Longwood; the other at Missolonghi.

It is always difficult to separate the literary character of a man who lives in our time from his personal character. It is peculiarly difficult to make this separation in the case of Lord Byron. For it is scarcely too much to say that Lord Byron never wrote without some reference, direct or indirect, to himself. The interest excited by the events of his life mingles itself in our minds, and probably in the minds of almost all our readers, with the interest which properly belongs to his works. A genera-

tion must pass away before it will be possible to form a fair judgment of his books, considered merely as books. At present they are not only books, but relics. We will, however, venture, though with unfeigned diffidence, to offer some desultory remarks on his poetry.

His lot was cast in the time of a great literary revolution. That poetical dynasty which had dethroned the successors of Shakespeare and Spenser was, in its turn, dethroned by a race who represented themselves as heirs of the ancient line, so long dispossessed by usurpers. The real nature of this revolution has not, we think, been comprehended by the great majority of those who concurred in it.

If this question were proposed,—Wherein especially does the poetry of our times differ from that of the last century?—ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would answer that the poetry of the last century was correct, but cold and mechanical, and that the poetry of our time, though wild and irregular, presented far more vivid images, and excited the passions far more strongly than that of Parnell, or Addison, or Pope. In the same manner we constantly hear it said that the poets of the age of Elizabeth had far more genius, but far less correctness, than those of the age of Anne. It seems to be taken for granted that there is some necessary incompatibility, some antithesis between correctness and creative power. We rather suspect that this notion arises merely from an abuse of words, and that it has been the parent of many of the fallacies which perplex the science of criticism.

What is meant by correctness in poetry? If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules which have their foundation in truth and in the principles of human nature, then correctness is only another name for excellence. If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules purely arbitrary, correctness may be another name for dulness and absurdity.

A writer who describes visible objects falsely and violates the propriety of character,—a writer who makes the mountains “nod their drowsy heads” at night, or a dying man take leave of the world with a rant like that of Maximin, may be said, in the high and just sense of the phrase, to write incorrectly. He violates the first great law of his art. His imitation is altogether unlike



the thing imitated. The four poets who are most eminently free from incorrectness of this description are Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. They are, therefore, in one sense, and that the best sense, the most correct of poets.

When it is said that Virgil, though he had less genius than Homer, was a more correct writer, what sense is attached to the word correctness? Is it meant that the story of the *Æneid* is developed more skilfully than that of the *Odyssey*?—that the Roman describes the face of the external world, or the emotions of the mind, more accurately than the Greek?—that the characters of Achates and Mnestheus are more nicely discriminated, and more consistently supported, than those of Achilles, of Nestor, and of Ulysses? The fact incontestably is that, for every violation of the fundamental laws of poetry which can be found in Homer, it would be easy to find twenty in Virgil.

*Troilus and Cressida* is perhaps of all the plays of Shakespeare that which is commonly considered as the most incorrect. Yet it seems to us infinitely more correct, in the sound sense of the term, than what are called the most correct plays of the most correct dramatists. Compare it, for example, with the *Iphigénie* of Racine. We are sure that the Greeks of Shakespeare bear a far greater resemblance than the Greeks of Racine to the real Greeks who besieged Troy, and for this reason, that the Greeks of Shakespeare are human beings, and the Greeks of Racine mere names—mere words printed in capitals at the heads of paragraphs of declamation. Racine, it is true, would have shuddered at the thought of making Agamemnon quote Aristotle. But of what use is it to avoid a single anachronism, when the whole play is one anachronism,—the sentiments and phrases of Versailles in the camp of Aulis?

In the sense in which we are now using the word correctness, we think that Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Coleridge, are far more correct writers than those who are commonly extolled as the models of correctness,—Pope, for example, and Addison. The single description of a moonlight night in Pope's *Iliad* contains more inaccuracies than can be found in all *The Excursion*. There is not a single scene in Cato in which

everything that conduces to poetical illusion,—all the propriety of character, of language, of situation, is not more grossly violated than in any part of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. No man can possibly think that the Romans of Addison resemble the real Romans so closely as the moss-troopers of Scott resemble the real moss-troopers. Wat Tynlinn and William of Deloraine are not, it is true, persons of so much dignity as Cato. But the dignity of the persons represented has as little to do with the correctness of poetry as with the correctness of painting. We prefer a gipsy by Reynolds to his Majesty's head on a sign-post, and a Borderer by Scott to a Senator by Addison.

In what sense, then, is the word correctness used by those who say, with the author of *The Pursuits of Literature*, that Pope was the most correct of English Poets, and that next to Pope came the late Mr Gifford? What is the nature and value of that correctness the praise of which is denied to Macbeth, to Lear, and to Othello, and given to Hoole's translations and to all the Seatonian prize-poems? We can discover no eternal rule,—no rule founded in reason and in the nature of things,—which Shakespeare does not observe much more strictly than Pope. But if by correctness he meant the conforming to a narrow legislation which, while lenient to the *mala in se*, multiplies, without a shadow of reason, the *mala prohibita*, if by correctness he meant a strict attention to certain ceremonious observances, which are no more essential to poetry than etiquette to good government, or than the washings of a Pharisee to devotion, then, assuredly, Pope may be a more correct poet than Shakespeare and, if the code were a little altered, Colley Cibber might be a more correct poet than Pope. But it may well be doubted whether this kind of correctness be a merit,—nay, whether it be not an absolute fault.

It would be amusing to make a digest of the irrational laws which bad critics have framed for the government of poets. First in celebrity and in absurdity stand the dramatic unities of place and time. No human being has ever been able to find any thing that could, even by courtesy, be called an argument for these unities, except that they have been deduced from the general practice of the Greeks. It requires no very profound examination

to discover that the Greek dramas, often admirable as compositions, are, as exhibitions of human character and human life, far inferior to the English plays of the age of Elizabeth. Every scholar knows that the dramatic part of the Athenian tragedies was at first subordinate to the lyrical part. It would, therefore, have been little less than a miracle if the laws of the Athenian stage had been found to suit plays in which there was no chorus. All the greatest masterpieces of the dramatic art have been composed in direct violation of the unities, and could never have been composed if the unities had not been violated. It is clear, for example, that such a character as that of Hamlet could never have been developed within the limits to which Alfieri confined himself. Yet such was the reverence of literary men during the last century for these unities that Johnson, who, much to his honour, took the opposite side, was, as he says, "frightened at his own temerity," and "afraid to stand against the authorities which might be produced against him."

There are other rules of the same kind without end. "Shakespeare," says Rymer, "ought not to have made Othello black, for the hero of a tragedy ought always to be white." "Milton," says another critic, "ought not to have taken Adam for his hero; for the hero of an epic poem ought always to be victorious." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have put so many similes into his first book, for the first book of an epic poem ought always to be the most unadorned. There are no similes in the first book of the *Iliad*." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have placed in an epic poem such lines as these.— 'I also erred in overmuch admiring.'"

And why not? The critic is ready with a reason,—a lady's reason. "Such lines," says he, "are not, it must be allowed, unpleasing to the ear, but the redundant syllable ought to be confined to the drama, and not admitted into epic poetry." As to the redundant syllable in heroic rhyme on serious subjects, it has been, from the time of Pope downward, proscribed by the general consent of all the correct school. No magazine would have admitted so incorrect a couplet as that of Drayton—

"As when we lived untouch'd with these disgraces,  
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces."

## LORD BYRON.

Another law of heroic rhyme, which, fifty years ago, was considered as fundamental, was, that there should be a pause,—a comma at least, at the end of every couplet. It was also provided that there should never be a full stop except at the end of a couplet. Well do we remember to have heard a most correct judge of poetry revile Mr. Rogers for the incorrectness of that most sweet and graceful passage,

“’Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh  
At midnight in a sister’s arms to die

Nursing the young to health ”

SIR ROGER NEWDIGATE is fairly entitled, we think, to be ranked among the great critics of this school. He made a law that none of the poems written for the Prize which he established at Oxford should exceed fifty lines. This law seems to us to have at least as much foundation in reason as any of those which we have mentioned;—nay, much more, for the world, we believe, is pretty well agreed in thinking that the shorter a prize-poem is, the better.

We do not see why we should not make a few more rules of the same kind;—why we should not enact that the number of scenes in every act shall be three or some multiple of three,—that the number of lines in every scene shall be an exact square,—that the *dramatis personæ* shall never be more nor fewer than sixteen,—and that, in heroic rhymes, every thirty-sixth line shall have twelve syllables. If we were to lay down these canons, and to call Pope, Goldsmith, and Addison incorrect writers for not having complied with our whims, we should act precisely as those critics act who find incorrectness in the magnificent imagery and the varied music of Coleridge and Shelley.

The correctness which the last century prized so much resembles the correctness of those pictures of the garden of Eden which we see in old Bibles. We have an exact square, enclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, each with a convenient bridge in the centre,—rectangular beds of flowers,—a long canal, neatly bricked and railed in,—the tree of knowledge, clipped like one of the limes behind the Tuileries, standing in the centre of the grand alley,—the snake twined round it,—the man on the right hand, the woman on the

left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle round them. In one sense the picture is correct enough. That is to say, the squares are correct; the circles are correct; the man and the woman are in a most correct line with the tree; and the snake forms a most correct spiral.

But if there were a painter so gifted that he could place on the canvas that glorious paradise, seen by the interior eye of him whose outward sight had failed with long watching and labouring for liberty and truth,—if there were a painter who could set before us the mazes of the sapphic brook, the lake with its fringe of myrtles, the flowery meadows, the grottoes overhung by vines, the forests shining with Hesperian fruit and with the plumage of gorgeous birds, the massy shade of that nuptial bower which showered down roses on the sleeping lovers,—what should we think of a connoisseur who should tell us that this painting, though finer than the absurd picture in the old Bible, was not so correct? Surely we should answer,—It is both finer and more correct, and it is finer because it is more correct. It is not made up of correctly drawn diagrams, but it is a correct painting,—a worthy representation of that which it is intended to represent.

It is not in the fine arts alone that this false correctness is prized by narrow-minded men,—by men who cannot distinguish means from ends, or what is accidental from what is essential. M. Jourdain admired correctness in fencing. “You had no business to hit me then. You must never thrust in *quatrième* till you have thrust in *terce*.” M. Tomès liked correctness in medical practice. “I stand up for Aesculapius. That he killed his patient is plain enough. But still he acted quite according to rule. A man dead is a man dead, and there is an end of the matter. But if rules are to be broken, there is no saying what consequences may follow.” We have heard of an old German officer who was a great admirer of correctness in military operations. He used to revile Bonaparte for spoiling the science of war, which had been carried to such exquisite perfection by Marshal Daun. “In my youth we used to march and counter-march all the summer without gaining or losing a square league, and then we went into winter quarters. And now comes an ignorant, hot-headed young man, who

flies about from Boulogne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December. The whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect." The world is of opinion, in spite of critics like these, that the end of fencing is to hit, that the end of medicine is to cure, that the end of war is to conquer, and that those means are the most correct which best accomplish the ends.

And has poetry no end,—no eternal and immutable principles? Is poetry, like heraldry, mere matter of arbitrary regulation? The heralds tell us that certain scutcheons and bearings denote certain conditions, and that to put colours on colours, or metals on metals, is false blazonry. If all this were reversed,—if every coat of arms in Europe were now fashioned,—if it were decided that *or* should never be placed but on *argent*, or *argent* but on *or*,—that illegitimacy should be denoted by a *lozenge*, and widowhood by a *bend*,—the new science would be just as good as the old science, because both the new and the old would be good for nothing. The mummery of Portcullis and Rouge Dragon, as it has no other value than that which caprice has assigned to it, may well submit to any laws which caprice may impose on it. But it is not so with that great imitative art, to the power of which all ages, the rudest and most enlightened, bear witness. Since its first great masterpieces were produced, everything that is changeable in this world has been changed. Civilisation has been gained, lost, gained again. Religions, and languages, and forms of government, and usages of private life, and modes of thinking, all have undergone a succession of revolutions. Everything has passed away but the great features of nature, and the heart of man, and the miracles of that art of which it is the office to reflect back the heart of man and the features of nature. Those two strange old poems, the wonder of ninety generations, still retain all their freshness. They still command the veneration of minds enriched by the literature of many nations and ages. They are still, even in wretched translations, the delight of schoolboys. Having survived ten thousand capricious fashions, having seen successive codes of criticism become obsolete, they still remain immortal with the immortality of truth,—the

same when perused in the study of an English scholar as when they were first chanted at the banquets of the Ionian princes

Poetry is, as that most acute of human beings, Aristotle, said more than two thousand years ago, imitation. It is an art analogous in many respects to the arts of painting, sculpture, and acting. The imitations of the painter, the sculptor, and the actor, are, indeed, within certain limits, more perfect than those of the poet. The machinery which the poet employs consists merely of words; and words cannot, even when employed by such an artist as Homer or Dante, present to the mind images of visible objects quite so lively and exact as those which we carry away from looking on the works of the brush and the chisel. But, on the other hand, the range of poetry is infinitely wider than that of any other imitative art, or than that of all the other imitative arts together. The sculptor can imitate only form, the painter only form and colour; the actor, until the poet supplies him with words, only form, colour, and motion. Poetry holds the outer world in common with the other arts. The heart of man is the province of poetry, and of poetry alone. The painter, the sculptor, and the actor, when the actor is unassisted by the poet, can exhibit no more of human passion and character than that small portion which overflows into the gesture and the face,—always an imperfect, often a deceitful sign—of that which is within. The deeper and more complex parts of human nature can be exhibited by means of words alone. Thus the objects of the imitation of poetry are the whole external and the whole internal universe, the face of nature, the vicissitudes of fortune, man as he is in himself, man as he appears in society, all things of which we can form an image in our minds by combining together parts of things which really exist. The domain of this imperial art is commensurate with the imaginative faculty.

An art essentially imitative ought not surely to be subjected to rules which tend to make its imitations less perfect than they otherwise would be; and those who obey such rules ought to be called, not correct, but incorrect artists. The true way to judge of the rules by which English poetry was governed during the last century is to look at the effects which they produced.

It was in 1780 that Johnson completed his *Lives of the Poets*. He tells us in that work that, since the time of Dryden, English poetry had shown no tendency to relapse into its general savageness, that its language had been refined, its numbers tuned, and its sentiments improved. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether the nation had any great reason to exult in the refinements and improvements which gave it Douglas for Othello, and the Triumphs of Temper for the Fairy Queen.

It was during the thirty years which preceded the appearance of Johnson's *Lives* that the diction and versification of English poetry were, in the sense in which the word is commonly used, most correct. Those thirty years form the most deplorable part of our literary history. They have bequeathed to us scarcely any poetry which deserves to be remembered. Two or three hundred lines of Gray, twice as many of Goldsmith, a few stanzas of Beattie and Collins, a few strophes of Mason, and a few clever prologues and satires, were the masterpieces of this age of consummate excellence. They may all be printed in one volume, and that volume would be by no means a volume of extraordinary merit. It would contain no poetry of the very highest class, and little which could be placed very high in the second class. The *Paradise Regained* or *Comus* would outweigh it all.

At last, when poetry had fallen into such utter decay that Mr. Hayley was thought a great poet, it began to appear that the excess of the evil was about to work the cure. Men became tired of an insipid conformity to a standard which derived no authority from nature or reason. A shallow criticism had taught them to ascribe a superstitious value to the spurious correctness of poetsasters. A deeper criticism brought them back to the true correctness of the first great masters. The eternal laws of poetry regained their power, and the temporary fashions which had superseded those laws went after the wig of Lovelace and the hoop of Clauissa.

It was in a cold and barren season that the seeds of that rich harvest which we have reaped were first sown. While poetry was every year becoming more feeble and more mechanical,—while the monotonous versification which Pope had introduced, no longer redeemed by his brilliant wit and his compactness of expression, palled on



the ear of the public,—the great works of the dead were every day attracting more and more of the admiration which they deserved. The plays of Shakespeare were better acted, better edited, and better known than they had ever been. Our noble old ballads were again read with pleasure, and it became a fashion to imitate them. Many of the imitations were altogether contemptible. But they showed that men had at least begun to admire the excellence which they could not rival. A literary revolution was evidently at hand. There was a ferment in the minds of men,—a vague craving for something new, a disposition to hail with delight anything which might at first sight wear the appearance of originality. A reforming age is always fertile of impostors. The same excited state of public feeling which produced the great separation from the see of Rome produced also the excesses of the Anabaptists. The same stir in the public mind of Europe which overthrew the abuses of the old French government, produced the Jacobins and Theophilanthropists. Macpherson and Della Crusca were to the true reformers of English poetry what Knipperdoling was to Luther, or Cloutz to Turgot. The public was never more disposed to believe stories without evidence, and to admire books without merit. Anything which could break the dull monotony of the correct school was acceptable.

The forerunner of the great restoration of our literature was Cowper. His literary career began and ended at nearly the same time with that of Alfieri. A parallel between Alfieri and Cowper may, at first sight, seem as unpromising as that which a loyal Presbyterian minister is said to have drawn, in 1745, between George II. and Enoch. It may seem that the gentle, shy, melancholy Calvinist, whose spirit had been broken by flogging at school,—who had not courage to earn a livelihood by reading the titles of bills in the House of Lords,—and whose favourite associates were a blind old lady and an evangelical divine, could have nothing in common with the haughty, ardent, and voluptuous nobleman,—the horse jockey, the libertine, who fought Lord Ligonier in Hyde Park, and robbed the Pretender of his queen. But though the private lives of these remarkable men present scarcely any points of resemblance, their literary lives

bear a close analogy to each other. They both found poetry in its lowest state of degradation,—feeble, artificial, and altogether nerveless. They both possess precisely the talents which fitted them for the task of raising it from that deep abasement. They cannot, in strictness, be called great poets. They had not in any very high degree the creative power,

“The vision and the faculty divine,”

but they had great vigour of thought, great warmth of feeling,—and what, in their circumstances, was above all things important, a manliness of taste which approached to roughness. They did not deal in mechanical versification and conventional phrases. They wrote concerning things the thought of which set their hearts on fire, and thus what they wrote, even when it wanted every other grace, had that inimitable grace which sincerity and strong passion impart to the rudest and most homely compositions. Each of them sought for inspiration in a noble and affecting subject, fertile of images which had not yet been hackneyed. Liberty was the muse of Alfieri,—Religion was the muse of Cowper. The same truth is found in their lighter pieces. They were not among those who deprecated the severity or deplored the absence of an unreal mistress in melodious commonplaces. Instead of raving about imaginary Chloes and Sylvias, Cowper wrote of *Mis Unwin's knitting-needles*. The only love-verses of Alfieri were addressed to one whom he truly and passionately loved. “*Tutte le rime amorose che seguono,*” says he, “*tutte sono per essa, e ben sue, e di lei solamente, poichè mai d'altra donna per certo non canterò*”

These great men were not free from affectation. But their affectation was directly opposed to the affectation which generally prevailed. Each of them expressed, in strong and bitter language, the contempt which he felt for the effeminate poetasters who were in fashion both in England and in Italy. Cowper complains that

“Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,  
The substitute for genius, taste, and wit.”

He praised Pope; yet he regretted that Pope had

“Made poetry a mere mechanic art,  
And every warbler had his tune by heart.”

Alfieri speaks with similar scorn of the tragedies of his predecessors. "Mi cadevano dalle mani per la languidezza, trivialità e prolissità dei modi e del verso, senza parlare poi della snervatezza dei pensieri. O! peichè mai questa nostra divina lingua, sì maschia anco, ed energica, e feroce, in bocca di Dante, dovrà ella farsi così sbiadata ed eunuca nel dialogo tragico?"

To men thus sick of the languid manner of their contemporaries ruggedness seemed a venial fault, or rather a positive merit. In their hatred of meticulous ornament, and of what Cowper calls "creamy smoothness," they erred on the opposite side. Their style was too austere, then versification too harsh. It is not easy, however, to overrate the service which they rendered to literature. Their merit is rather that of demolition than that of construction. The intrinsic value of their poems is considerable. But the example which they set of mutiny against an absurd system was invaluable. The part which they performed was rather that of Moses than that of Joshua. They opened the house of bondage; but they did not enter the promised land.

During the twenty years which followed the death of Cowper, the revolution in English poetry was fully consummated. None of the writers of this period, not even Sir Walter Scott, contributed so much to the consummation as Lord Byron. Yet Lord Byron contributed to it unwillingly, and with constant self-reproach and shame. All his tastes and inclinations led him to take part with the school of poetry which was going out against the school which was coming in. Of Pope himself he spoke with extravagant admiration. He did not venture directly to say that the little man of Twickenham was a greater poet than Shakespeare or Milton, but he hinted pretty clearly that he thought so. Of his contemporaries, scarcely any had so much of his admiration as Mr Gifford, who, considered as a poet, was merely Pope, without Pope's wit and fancy, and whose satires are decidedly inferior in vigour and poignancy to the very imperfect juvenile performance of Lord Byron himself. He now and then praised Mr. Wordsworth and Mr Coleridge, but ungraciously and without cordiality. When he attacked them, he brought his whole soul to the work. Of the most elaborate of Mr. Wordsworth's poems he could find

nothing to say, but that it was "clumsy, and flowy, and his aversion" Peter Bell excited his spleen to such a degree that he apostrophized the shades of Pope and Dryden, and demanded of them whether it were possible that such trash could evade contempt? In his heart he thought his own *Pilgrimage of Harold* inferior to his *Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry*—a feeble echo of Pope and Johnson. This insipid performance he repeatedly designed to publish, and was withheld only by the solicitations of his friends. He has distinctly declared his approbation of the unities, the most absurd laws by which genius was ever held in servitude. In one of his works, we think in his letter to Mr Bowles, he compares the poetry of the eighteenth century to the Parthenon, and that of the nineteenth to a Turkish mosque, and boasts that, though he had assisted his contemporaries in building their grotesque and barbarous edifice, he had never joined them in defacing the remains of a chaster and more graceful architecture. In another letter he compares the change which had recently passed on English poetry to the decay of Latin poetry after the Augustan age. In the time of Pope, he tells his friend, it was all Horace with us. It is all Claudian now.

For the great old masters of the art he had no very enthusiastic veneration. In his letter to Mr Bowles he uses expressions which clearly indicate that he preferred Pope's *Iliad* to the original. Mr Moore confesses that his friend was no very fervent admirer of Shakespeare. Of all the poets of the first class, Lord Byron seems to have admired Dante and Milton most. Yet in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* he places Tasso—a writer not merely inferior to them, but of quite a different order of mind—on at least a footing of equality with them. Mr. Hunt is, we suspect, quite correct in saying that Lord Byron could see little or no merit in Spenser.

But Lord Byron the critic and Lord Byron the poet were two very different men. The effects of the noble writer's theory may indeed often be traced in his practice. But his disposition led him to accommodate himself to the literary taste of the age in which he lived, and his talents would have enabled him to accommodate himself to the taste of any age. Though he said much of his contempt for men, and though he boasted that amidst

the inconstancy of fortune and of fame he was all-sufficient to himself, his literary career indicated nothing of that lonely and unsocial pride which he affected. We cannot conceive him, like Milton or Wordsworth, defying the criticism of his contemporaries, retorting their scorn, and labouring on a poem in the full assurance that it would be unpopular, and in the full assurance that it would be immortal. He has said, by the mouth of one of his heroes, in speaking of political greatness, that "he must serve who fain would sway" and thus he assigns as a reason for not entering into political life. He did not consider that the sway which he had exercised in literature had been purchased by servitude—by the sacrifice of his own taste to the taste of the public.

He was the creature of his age; and whenever he had lived he would have been the creature of his age. Under Charles I. he would have been more quaint than Donne. Under Charles II. the rants of his rhyming plays would have pitted it, bored it, and galled it, with those of any Bayes or Bilboa. Under George I. the monotonous smoothness of his versification and the terseness of his expression would have made Pope himself envious.

As it was, he was the man of the last thirteen years of the eighteenth century, and of the first twenty-three years of the nineteenth century. He belonged half to the old, and half to the new school of poetry. His personal taste led him to the former, his thirst of praise to the latter; his talents were equally suited to both. His fame was a common ground on which the zealots on both sides—Gifford, for example, and Shelley—might meet. He was the representative, not of either literary party, but of both at once, and of their conflict, and of the victory by which that conflict was terminated. His poetry fills and measures the whole of the vast interval through which our literature has moved since the time of Johnson. It touches the *Essay on Man* at the one extremity, and the *Excursion* at the other.

There are several parallel instances in literary history. Voltaire, for example, was the connecting link between the France of Louis XIV. and the France of Louis XVI., between Racine and Boileau on the one side, and Condorcet and Beaumarchais on the other. He, like Lord Byron, put himself at the head of an intellectual revolu-

tion,—dreading it all the time,—murmuring at it,—sncering at it,—yet choosing rather to move before his age in any direction than to be left behind and forgotten. Dryden was the connecting link between the literature of the age of James I, and the literature of the age of Anne. Oromasdes and Arimanes fought for him. Arimanes carried him off. But his heart was to the last with Oromasdes. Lord Byron was, in the same manner, the mediator between two generations—between two hostile poetical sects. Though always sncering at Mr Wordsworth, he was yet, though perhaps unconsciously, the interpreter between Mr. Wordsworth and the multitude. In the *Lyrical Ballads*, and *The Excursion* Mr Wordsworth appeared as the high priest of a worship of which nature was the idol. No poems have ever indicated a more exquisite perception of the beauty of the outer world, or a more passionate love and reverence for that beauty. Yet they were not popular,—and it is not likely that they ever will be popular as the poetry of Sir Walter Scott is popular. The feeling which pervaded them was too deep for general sympathy. Their style was often too mysterious for general comprehension. They made a few esoteric disciples, and many scoffers. Lord Byron founded what may be called an exoteric Lake school of poetry, and all the readers of poetry in England, we might say in Europe, hastened to sit at his feet. What Mr Wordsworth had said like a recluse, Lord Byron said like a man of the world—with less profound feeling, but with more perspicuity, energy, and conciseness. We would refer our readers to the last two cantos of *Childe Harold* and to *Manfred*, in proof of these observations.

Lord Byron, like Mr Wordsworth, had nothing dramatic in his genius. He was indeed the reverse of a great dramatist, the very antithesis to a great dramatist. All his characters,—Halold looking back on the western sky, from which his country and the sun are disappearing together,—the Giant, standing apart in the gloom of the side-aisle, and casting a haggard scowl from under his long hood at the crucifix and the censor,—Conrad leaning on his sword by the watchtower,—Lara smiling on the dancers,—Alp gazing steadily on the fatal cloud as it passes before the moon,—Manfred wandering among the precipices of Berne,—Azzo on the judgment-seat,—

Ugo at the bar,—Lambio frowning on the siesta of his daughter and Juan,—Cain presenting his unacceptable offering—are essentially the same. The varieties are varieties merely of age, situation, and outward show. If ever Lord Byron attempted to exhibit men of a different kind, he always made them either insipid or unnatural. Selim is nothing. Bonnivait is nothing. Don Juan, in the first and best cantos, is a feeble copy of the Page in the *Marriage of Figaro*. Johnson, the man whom Juan meets in the slave-market, is a most striking failure. How differently would Sir Walter Scott have drawn a bluff, fearless Englishman, in such a situation! The portrait would have seemed to walk out of the canvas.

Sardanapalus is more coarsely drawn than any dramatic personage that we can remember. His heroism and his effeminacy,—his contempt of death and his dread of a weighty helmet,—his kingly resolution to be seen in the foremost ranks, and the anxiety with which he calls for a looking-glass, that he may be seen to advantage, are contrasted, it is true, with all the point of Juvenal. Indeed, the hint of the character seems to have been taken from what Juvenal says of Otho:

“Speculum civilis sarcina belli.  
Nimium summi ducis est occidere Galbam,  
Et curare cutem summi constantia civis,  
Beduaci in campo spoliis affectare Palati,  
Et pressum in faciem digiti extendere panem.”

These are excellent lines in a satire. But it is not the business of the dramatist to exhibit characters in this sharp, antithetical way. It is not thus that Shakespeare makes Prince Hal rise from the rake of Eastcheap into the hero of Shrewsbury, and sink again into the rake of Eastcheap. It is not thus that Shakespeare has exhibited the union of effeminacy and valour in Antony. A dramatist cannot commit a greater error than that of following those pointed descriptions of character in which satirists and historians indulge so much. It is by rejecting what is natural that satirists and historians produce these striking characters. Their great object generally is to ascribe to every man as many contradictory qualities as possible, and this is an object easily attained. By judicious selection and judicious exaggeration, the intellect and the

the speech of Lara was bitterly satiric—that he talked little of his travels—that if he was much questioned about them, his answers became short, and his brow gloomy. But we have none of Lara's sarcastic speeches or short answers. It is not thus that the great masters of human nature have portrayed human beings. Homer never tells us that Nestor loved to relate long stories about his youth; Shakespeare never tells us that in the mind of Iago everything that is beautiful and endearing was associated with some filthy and debasing idea.

It is curious to observe the tendency which the dialogue of Lord Byron always has to lose its character of a Manfred and the Chamisso-hunter,—between Manfred and the Witch of the Alps,—between Manfred and the Abbots, are instances of this tendency. Manfred, after a few unimportant speeches, has all the talk to himself. The other interlocutors are nothing more than good listeners. They drop an occasional question of egotistical topic of his personal feelings. If we examine the fine passages in Lord Byron's dramas—the description of Rome, for example, in *Manfred*—the description of a Venetian revel in *Martin Fazio*—the invective which the old doge pronounces against Venice—we shall find that there is nothing dramatic in them, that they derive none of their effect from the character or situation of the speaker, and that they would have been as fine, or finer, if they had been published as fragments of blank verse by Lord Byron. There is scarcely a speech in Shakespeare of which the same could be said. No skilful reader of the plays of Shakespeare can endure to see what are called the fine things taken out, under the name of "Beauties," or of "Elegant Extracts," or to hear any single passage, "To be or not to be," for example, quoted as a sample of the great poet. "To be or not to be" has merit undoubtedly as a composition. It would have merit if put into the mouth of a chorus. But its merit as a composition vanishes when compared with its merit as belonging to Hamlet. It is not too much to say that the great plays of Shakespeare would lose less by being deprived of all the passages which are commonly called the fine passages than those passages lose by being read



disposition of any human being might be described as being made up of nothing but startling contrasts. If the dramatist attempts to create a being answering to one of these descriptions, he fails, because he reverses an imperfect analytical process. He produces, not a man, but a personified epigram. Very eminent writers have fallen into this snare. Ben Jonson has given us a Hermogenes, taken from the lively lines of Horace; but the inconsistency which is so amusing in the satire appears unnatural and disgusts us in the play. Sir Walter Scott has committed a far more glaring error of the same kind in the novel of *Kenilworth*. Admiring, as every judicious reader must admire, the keen and vigorous lines in which Dryden satirised the Duke of Buckingham, he attempted to make a Duke of Buckingham to suit them—a real living Zimri; and he made, not a man, but the most grotesque of all monsters. A writer who should attempt to introduce into a play or a novel such a Wharton as the Wharton of Pope, or a Lord Hervev answering to Sporus, would fail in the same manner.

But to return to Lord Byron; his women, like his men, Julia; Julia is a civilized and matronly Haidee. Leila is a wedded Zuleika, Zuleika a virgin Leila. Gulinare and Medora appear to have been intentionally opposed to each other. Yet the difference is a difference of situation only. A slight change of circumstances would, it should seem, have sent Gulinare to the fate of Medora, and armed Medora with the dagger of Gulinare. It is hardly too much to say, that Lord Byron could exhibit only one man and only one woman—a man proud, moody, cynical,—with defiance on his brow, and misery in his heart, a scooner of his kind, implacable in revenge, yet capable of deep and strong affection—a woman all softness and gentleness, loving to caress and to be caressed, but capable of being transformed by love into a tigress.

Even these two characters, his only two characters, he could not exhibit dramatically. He exhibited them in the manner, not of Shakespeare, but of Clarendon. He analysed them, he made them analyse themselves, but he did not make them show themselves. He tells us, for example, in many lines of great force and spirit, that

separately from the play This is, perhaps, the highest praise which can be given to a dramatist.

On the other hand, it may be doubted whether there is, in all Lord Byron's plays, a single remarkable passage which owes any portion of its interest or effect to its connection with the characters or the action He has written only one scene, as far as we can recollect, which is dramatic even in manner—the scene between Lucifer and Cain. The conference in that scene is animated, and each of the interlocutors has a fair share of it. But this scene, when examined, will be found to be a confirmation of our remarks. It is a dialogue only in form. It is a soliloquy in essence. It is in reality a debate carried on within one single unquiet and sceptical mind. The questions and the answers, the objections and the solutions, all belong to the same character.

A writer who showed so little dramatic skill in works professedly dramatic was not likely to write narrative with dramatic effect Nothing could indeed be more rude and careless than the structure of his narrative poems He seems to have thought, with the hero of the *Rehearsal*, that the plot was good for nothing but to bring in fine things. His two longest works, *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, have no plan whatever Either of them might have been extended to any length, or cut short at any point. The state in which the *Giaour* appears illustrates the manner in which all his poems were constructed. They are all, like the *Giaour*, collections of fragments, and, though there may be no empty spaces marked by asterisks, it is still easy to perceive, by the clumsiness of the joining, where the parts for the sake of which the whole was composed end and begin.

It was in description and meditation that he excelled "Description," as he said in *Don Juan*, "was his forte" His manner is indeed peculiar, and is almost unequalled;—rapid, sketchy, full of vigour; the selection happy, the strokes few and bold In spite of the reverence which we feel for the genius of Mr Wordsworth, we cannot but think that the minuteness of his descriptions often diminishes their effect He has accustomed himself to gaze on nature with the eye of a lover,—to dwell on every feature,—and to mark every change of aspect. Those beauties which strike the most negligent observer,

and those which only a close attention discovers, are equally familiar to him and are equally prominent in his poetry. The proverb of old Hesiod, that half is often more than the whole, is eminently applicable to description. The policy of the Dutch, who cut down most of the precious trees in the Spice Islands, in order to raise the value of what remained, was a policy which poets would do well to imitate. It was a policy which no poet understood better than Lord Byron. Whatever his faults might be, he was never, while his mind retained its vigour, accused of prolixity.

His descriptions, great as was their intrinsic merit, derived their principal interest from the feeling which always mingled with them. He was himself the beginning, the middle, and the end of all his own poetry,—the hero of every tale,—the chief object in every landscape. Harold, Lara, Manfred, and a crowd of other characters were universally considered merely as loose incognitos of Byron, and there is every reason to believe that he meant them to be so considered. The wonders of the outer world,—the Tagus, with the mighty fleets of England riding on its bosom,—the towers of Cintra overhanging the shaggy forests of cork-trees and willows,—the glaring marble of Pentelicus,—the banks of the Rhine,—the glaciers of Clarens,—the sweet lake of Lemán,—the dell of Egeria, with its summer-birds and rustling lizards,—the shapeless ruins of Rome overgrown with ivy and wall-flowers,—the stars, the sea, the mountains,—all were mere accessories,—the background to one dark and melancholy figure.

Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That *Marah* was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery,—if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment,—if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His principal heroes

are men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair,—who are sick of life,—who are at war with society,—who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning marl; who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who, to the last, defy the whole power of earth and heaven. He always described himself as a man of the same kind with his favourite creations, as a man whose heart had been withered,—whose capacity for happiness was gone and could not be restored, but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter.

How much of this morbid feeling sprang from an original disease of the mind,—how much from real misfortune,—how much from the nervousness of dissipation,—how much was fanciful,—how much of it was merely affected,—it is impossible for us, and would probably have been impossible for the most intimate friends of Lord Byron, to decide. Whether there ever existed, or can ever exist, a person answering to the description which he gave of himself, may be doubted; but that he was not such a person is beyond all doubt. It is ridiculous to imagine that a man whose mind was really imbued with scorn of his fellow-creatures would have published three or four books every year in order to tell them so; or that a man who could say with truth that he neither sought sympathy nor needed it would have admitted all Europe to hear his farewell to his wife, and his blessings on his child. In the second canto of *Childe Harold*, he tells us that he is insensible to fame and obloquy.

“Ill may such contest now the spirit move,  
Which heeds nor keen reproof nor partial praise.”

Yet we know on the best evidence, that a day or two before he published these lines, he was greatly, indeed childishly, elated by the compliments paid to his maiden speech in the House of Lords.

We are far, however, from thinking that his sadness was altogether feigned. He was naturally a man of great sensibility; he had been ill-educated; his feelings had been early exposed to sharp trials, he had been crossed in his boyish love, he had been mortified by the failure

of his first literary efforts, he was straitened in pecuniary circumstances, he was unfortunate in his domestic relations, the public treated him with cruel injustice, his health and spirits suffered from his dissipated habits of life, he was, on the whole, an unhappy man. He early discovered that, by parading his unhappiness before the multitude, he excited an unrivalled interest. The world gave him every encouragement to talk about his mental sufferings. The effect which his first confessions produced induced him to affect much that he did not feel, and the affectation probably reacted on his feelings. How far the character in which he exhibited himself was genuine, and how far theatrical, it would probably have puzzled himself to say.

There can be no doubt that this remarkable man owed the vast influence which he exercised over his contemporaries at least as much to his gloomy egotism as to the real power of his poetry. We never could very clearly understand how it is that egotism, so unpopular in conversation, should be so popular in writing, or how it is that men who affect in their compositions qualities and feelings which they have not impose so much more easily on their contemporaries than on posterity. The interest which the loves of Petrarch excited in his own time, and the pitying fondness with which half Europe looked upon Rousseau, are well known. To readers of our age the love of Petrarch seems to have been love of that kind which breaks no hearts, and the sufferings of Rousseau to have deserved laughter rather than pity—to have been partly counterfeited, and partly the consequences of his own perverseness and vanity.

What our grandchildren may think of the character of Lord Byron, as exhibited in his poetry, we will not pretend to guess. It is certain that the interest which he excited during his life is without a parallel in literary history. The feeling with which young readers of poetry regarded him can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. To people who are unacquainted with real calamity, "nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy." This faint image of sorrow has in all ages been considered by young gentlemen as an agreeable excitement. Old gentlemen and middle-aged gentlemen have so many real causes of sadness that they are rarely inclined

"to be as sad as night only for wantonness" Indeed, they want the power almost as much as the inclination. We know very few persons engaged in active life who, even if they were to procure stools to be melancholy upon, and were to sit down with all the premeditation of Master Stephen, would be able to enjoy much of what somebody calls the "ecstasy of woe."

Among that large class of young persons whose reading is almost entirely confined to works of imagination the popularity of Lord Byron was unbounded. They bought pictures of him, they treasured up the smallest relics of him, they learned his poems by heart, and did their best to write like him, and to look like him. Many of them practised at the glass in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip, and the scowl of the brow, which appear in some of his portraits. A few discarded their neckcloths in imitation of their great leader. For some years the *Minerva* press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer. The number of hopeful undergraduates and medical students who became things of dark imaginings—on whom the freshness of the heart ceased to fall like dew—whose passions had consumed themselves to dust, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation. This was not the worst. There was created in the minds of many of these enthusiasts a pernicious and absurd association between intellectual power and moral depravity. From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife.

The affectation has passed away, and a few more years will destroy whatever yet remains of that magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron. To us he is still a man, young, noble, and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer, and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers, without regard to his rank or to his private history. That his poetry will undergo a severe sifting, that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.



## NOTES

*As a composition* Opposed to what?

*Life of Sheridan* Appeared in 1826, four years before the  
*Life of Byron* Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born 1751, died  
 1816, author of *The Rivals*, *School for Scandal*, *The Critic*, &c.

*Quartos* Quarto, for *in quarto*, a sheet of paper folded in  
 four

*Pope* Born 1688, died 1744 Not only are his letters  
 affected, but, as his latest biographer, Mr Elwin, has proved,  
 Pope has constantly interpolated and dressed up the originals.  
 "If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions,  
 they seem to be premeditated and artificial"—JOHNSON'S *Lives*.

*Walpole*. Horace, born 1718, died 1797, third son of Robert  
 Walpole, the celebrated prime minister. "Nothing can be  
 more cheery than Horace's letters Fiddles sing all through  
 them, wax lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equip-  
 ages, glitter and sparkle there, never was such a brilliant,  
 juggling, smoking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads  
 us."—THACKERAY'S *Four Georges*

*Comper*. Born 1731, died 1800. His letters, unlike those of  
 Pope and Walpole, were never meant for publication. To borrow  
 a phrase of M<sup>de</sup> de Sevigny, he wrote "tout ce qui venait  
 au bout de la plume," but living as he did, the life of a recluse  
 in the country, he has nothing to talk about but his tame hares,  
 his gardening, or his poems.

*Awkwardness in his transitions* Cf Horace's 'calliola junc-  
 tura.'

*That highest art.* "Ans est celare artem"

*The Duchess of Orleans* Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria,  
 daughter of Charles Louis, married Philippe, brother of Louis  
 XIV, and was mother of the Regent Born 1652, died 1722.  
*Fragments et Lettres Originelles de Madame* were published in  
 1788.

*Gossips* = *God-ib*; i.e. God-relations. First meaning, god-  
 fathers and god-mothers; second meaning, those who assemble at  
 a chattering.



*Elf* The white spuit, connected with 'alp,' 'albus'

*He was sprung, &c.* Two of the family of Byron are enumerated as serving with distinction in the siege of Calais under Edward III., and as among the knights who fell at Cressy Newstead Abbey, the family seat, was conferred on Sir John Byron (the grand-nephew of the brave soldier who fought by the side of Richmond at Bosworth) by Henry VIII at the dissolution of the monasteries. In 1643 Sir John Byron was created Baron Byron of Rochdale, in reward for his services in the civil war. See *Lines on leaving Newstead Abbey*, with the notes, in Murray's edition

*Degraded and impoverished, &c.* His father had run away with the wife of Lord Carmarthen, ruined and ill-treated his second wife, Miss Gordon, and earned the remains of her fortune with him to the Continent, leaving his family in destitution

*The kinsman whom he succeeded* His great-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, had killed a relation, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel, the result of a tavern brawl, and been tried by his peers

*She passed from paroxysm, &c.* "One of the few pages of Lord Byron's 'Memoiranda,' which related to his early days, was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him 'a lame brat.' It may be questioned whether this drama (*The Deformed Transformed*) was not indebted to this single recollection."—MOORE

*Paroxysm.* Ἡ παροξυσμός, imitation, in medical writers, a fit.

*His first poems* *Hours of Idleness, a series of Poems, original and translated.* By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor 8vo. pp. 200 Newark 1807. They were severely criticised by Lord Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*.

*The poem which he published on his return, &c.* "The first and second cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* produced, on their appearance in 1812, an effect on the public at least equal to any work which has appeared within this or the last century, and placed at once on Lord Byron's head the garland for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late."—SIR WALTER SCOTT

*All this world, and all the glory of it* - *Matt.* iv. 8.

*He attacked religion.* Byron often wrote flippantly and irreverently of religion; but he cannot be said to have attacked it in any of his poems. He always professed himself, if not a believer in Christianity, at least as one who wished to believe. In a note to *Don Juan* he says, "I never arraigned His (Christ's) creed, but only the use, or abuse, made of it"

*He lampooned the Prince Regent* A. in *Lines composed on the*

occasion of *II R II* being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII and Charles I. in the royal vault at Windsor, the concluding lines of which poem are as follow—

"Ah, what can tombs avail, since both disgorge  
The blood and dust of both—to mould a George!"

In *Don Juan* he made the *amende honorable*. The Prince Regent is there called "a polished gentlemen from top to toe."

*He quarrelled with his lady* Byron married Miss Milbanke, in January, 1815. Lady Byron determined to separate from him in February, 1816. This was the occasion of the touching lines, "Fare thee well, and if for ever." Moore tells us that the M.S. of the poem is blotted all over with tears.

*Nothing is, nothing ever was, positively known to the public* Lord Macaulay's words still hold good, notwithstanding the interminable controversy which was lately provoked by an injudicious article in vindication of Lady Byron, contributed by Miss Beecher Stowe to *Mummillan's Magazine*.

"*Well, well, we know.*" From Hamlet's speech to Horatio (Act I. scene 5), where Hamlet warns his friend not to hint that he is mad.

*The professional men, &c.* In particular Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington.

*Libertines* Originally meant free-thinkers. Looseness of morals was supposed to accompany looseness of creed.—See TRENCH, *Select Glossary*, p. 122.

*Whipping-boy.* The boy whose function it was to be punished for the faults and mistakes of the Dauphin. Cf. *Fortunes of Nigel*, edition of 1850, vol. iii. p. 536.

*It is equally clear that they cannot be repressed, &c.* The position may be disputed. By the Indian code adultery is a penal offence, and punishable by imprisonment. The law is said to work well. The question is fully discussed in Mill's *Liberty*.

*We remember to have seen.* I do not know to whom Macaulay refers.

*Lord Nelson.* His infatuated attachment to Lady Hamilton is well known. Of his moral guilt there can be no doubt; but there is no evidence to prove that he was an unfaithful husband in the strictly legal sense of the word.

*We remember a still stronger case* Edmund Kean.

*Jedwood justice* Implies hanging first and trial afterwards. So "Abingdon law." At Abingdon, the Commonwealth Major-General Brown first hanged a man and then tried him. The origin of the phrase "Jedwood justice" I have failed to discover.

*Goldsmith, Lewis G.,* whose work has fallen into merited oblivion.

*The military school.* Napoleon was educated first at Brienne.

1779-1784, then at the Ecole militaire at Paris, from which he received his commission as a sub-lieutenant of artillery in 1775.

*Dessaux* (more correctly spelt with one s) Born 1768, died 1800. Accompanied Napoleon in his Egyptian campaign; received command of two divisions of the army of Italy, turned the fortunes of the day at the battle of Marengo, June 14, 1800, but was mortally wounded.

*St Cloud* A faubourg of Paris, nine miles to the west, where is, or rather was, till 1871, a palace of the kings of France. There Henri III was assassinated, 1589.

*Capriæ* The rocky island from which Tiberius, for the last eleven years of his life, governed Rome.

*Anecdotes inédites*, things not published, kept secret.

*The wanton enchantress* Queen Labè in the history of Bede and Gauhare.

*The unhappy man left his country for ever* April 25, 1816. He proceeded through Flanders and by the Rhine to Switzerland.

*He had fixed his home* He took up his abode at Venice in November, 1816. For the manners and morals of Venice, see *Beppo*, with Lord Byron's letters, quoted in Murray's notes.

*He sent forth volume after volume* *Manfred*, *The Lament of Tasso*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, *The Prophecy of Dante*, *Marino Faliero*, *Don Juan*, besides many minor poems.

*Rescued by a connection* In the beginning of 1820 he was domesticated with the Countess Guiccioli, who has, within the last few years, published memoirs of her life.

*Fenney* A small town five miles north of Geneva, the residence of Voltaire from 1758-1778.

*He established The Liberal* Lord Byron is here credited with a far larger share in this journal than was really the case. *The Liberal* was started by Leigh Hunt in 1822, at the suggestion of Shelley and Byron. Shelley was drowned soon after Hunt's arrival in Italy. Byron writes from Genoa, October 9, 1822, of the paper: "They (the brothers Hunt) pressed me to engage in this work, and in an evil hour I consented; still, I shall not repent if I can do them the least service." Lord Byron contributed to *The Liberal*, *The Vision of Judgement*, but notwithstanding this, and some admirable contributions of Haydon and Leigh Hunt, the paper was never popular, and lived only a few months.

*Angry with his coadjutors* The ill success of the paper produced a coolness between Lord Byron and Hunt. Leigh Hunt, the prototype of Mr Skimpole, in *Bleak House*, was the most amiable, but at the same time the most unbusiness-like and recklessly improvident of men.

*A nation, &c* In 1456 Omar Pacha had conquered Athens,

and in 1460 the whole of the Morea became a province of the Ottoman Empire. In 1821 the war of independence broke out in the Danubian Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. It soon spread to Greece, and was waged with various fortunes for nine years. The most important events of this war were the heroic defence of Missolonghi in 1826; the arrival of Mahomet Ali the Pasha of Egypt's army in the same year; the total defeat of the Ottoman fleet by the allied powers, England, France, and Russia, in 1827, the French expedition of 1828, by which the Egyptians were driven out of the Morea, and finally the declaration of the Independence of Greece, February 3rd, 1830.

*He had assisted the Italian insurgents.* In 1814 the Venetian dominions were joined on to Austria, under the title of the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice. It was in 1819 that Lord Byron first associated himself with the conspiracy which was brewing against the Austrian Government. His house at Ravenna was both the centre and the arsenal of the conspirators. In his journal, 1821, he writes, "They mean to insurrect here, and are to honour me with a call thereupon. I shall not fall back, though I don't think them in force and heart sufficient to make much of it."

*He had when young resided in that country.* In 1810 he made a tour of the Morea, and in 1811 he took up his residence at the Franciscan convent at Athens.

*Much of his most splendid and popular poetry.* *Childe Harold*, canto ii. *The Giaour*.

*The Greek camp.* He sailed for Greece July 14, 1823, and, after waiting at Cephalonia for the arrival of the Greek fleet, reached Missolonghi January 5, 1824.

*There, at thirty-six, &c.* He died April 19, 1824, after an illness of ten days, which began with a low fever, and terminated with inflammation of the brain. He was attended by his faithful valet, William Fletcher.

*One of them died at Longwood.* Napoleon died May 5, 1821, in his fifty-second year.

*That poetical dynasty.* As a rough outline of the history of English poetry from the times of Elizabeth, we may set down five dynasties or schools, adding the most distinguished name in each: (1) The so-called metaphysical school—Cowley; (2) The poets of the civil war and Commonwealth—Milton; (3) The poets of the restoration—Dryden; (4) The Augustan age—Pope; (5) The poets of our own century. Who is to be accounted the master-spirit of these it is too soon to determine.

*Parnell.* The Rev. Thomas P., born 1679, died 1717. Best known by his *Hermes*, a somewhat feeble tale borrowed from the *Gesta Romanorum*.

"Mountains nod their dewy heads" From Dryden's *Indian Emperors*

*Aiant like that of Maximin* Maximin, the principal character in Dryden's *Tyrant Love, or, The Royal Martyr*. He is made to exclaim—

"Bring me Porphyrio and my Empress dead,  
I will brave heaven, in my each hand a head!"

And again, when dying—

"And shoving back the earth on which I sit,  
I'll mount and scatter all the gods I hit!"

*Achates and Mnestheus* Two of Æneas's companions. Mnestheus is the bravest of the Trojans, after Æneas, the leader of the youth in times of danger. The absence of well-marked characters in the *Æneid* is a fault that has been often pointed out. "Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Menasten"

*Iphigene of Racine* Appeared in 1674. Hallam however has said of this and other of Racine's female characters, that they bear the same analogy to Shakespeare's that sculpture does to painting, that they have an ideal grace, a faultless harmony, "neither unnatural nor insipid, because they are only the ennobling and purifying of human passions. They are the forms of possible excellence, not from individual models, nor likely, perhaps, to delight every reader, for the same reason that more eyes are pleased by Titian than by Raphaelle."

*Making Agamemnon quote Aristotle. Troilus and Cressida,*

ii. 2—

"Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glozed, but superficially, not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy"

*In the camp of Aulis* Where the scene of the Iphigénie is laid  
A moonlight night in Pope's *Iliad*.

"As, when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;  
O'er the dark trees a yellowed verdure spread,  
And up with silver every mountain head,  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful night."

Read the passage in the original, or in Mr. Tennyson's *literal* translation. Point out the inaccuracies,

*Cato* Addison's *Cato* was first played in 1713. For an account and critique of the play, see Macaulay's *Essays*, vol. iii. p. 491, 494, library edition.

*Wat Tinkinn and William of Deloraine* Two moonshoopers in the *Lays of the Last Minstrel*.

*Reynolds* Sir Joshua, born 1723, died 1792.

*The author of the Pursuits of Literature* Thomas James Matthias, the editor of Gray's works, reckoned by Byron among the disciples of Pope.

*Gifford* Born 1755, died 1826. Began life as a cabin-boy, then apprenticed to a shoemaker, sent to Oxford by a liberal patron, first editor of the *Quarterly Review*, 1809, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, "two of the most bitter, powerful, and irresistible literary satires which modern times have produced."

—SHAW'S *English Literature* Whatever judgment we may form on Gifford's original productions, he will always be famous for his translation of *Juvenal*, one of the most perfect versions of an ancient author in the English language. Of Gifford, Byron says in his letters: "I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his prodigal son."

*Hoole's translations* Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, and Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

*Seafarer prize poems* An annual prize is given for the best poem on a religious subject written by a graduate of Cambridge.

*Mala in se, mala prohibita* Plato's distinction of *δίκαια φύσει* and *δίκαια νόμῳ*, which was adopted and worked out by the Stoics.

*Colley Cibber*. Born 1671, died 1757. Poet Laureate from 1730 to 1757. He is best known for his comedies, *The Non-juror* and *The Careless Husband*.

*Digest* The name was applied originally to the Digest or Pandects of Justinian, an extract and abstract of the various decisions and opinions of the Roman civilians.

*The dramatic unities* The three unities of action, of time, and of place are generally attributed to Aristotle, though no distinct mention of the last is to be found in his works. Of the unity of time he says "The Epic differs from Tragedy in length; for the Tragedy endeavours as much as possible to restrict itself to a single revolution of the sun, or to exceed it but little, the Epic is indefinite in respect of time, and in that it differs from Tragedy. But originally the same rule applied alike to tragic and epic poems." Corneille is so liberal in his interpretation of this rule that he would extend the action of a play to thirty hours. This canon is violated in several Greek plays, notably in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus. The unity of place, i.e. the rule that the scene of a tragedy must not change, is not observed even by the Greek tragedians. For instance, in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus the scene is shifted from the temple

of Phœbus at Delphi to the Areopagus at Athens. It is easy to see that this rule owed its origin partly to the presence of a chorus in Greek plays, who consisted generally of the inhabitants of the place where the scene is laid, and partly to the exigencies of the Greek theatre. On the unity of action Aristotle says, "We affirm that Tragedy is the imitation of a perfect and entire action, which has a certain magnitude, for there may be a whole without any magnitude whatever. Now a whole is what has a beginning, middle, and end." Poems which are properly constructed must neither begin nor end accidentally." Rightly interpreted, the unity of action, unlike the other two, is not an arbitrary convention, but the very essence of a perfect poem. We may define it as that intercoherence of the parts, that subordination of each separate action and character to one central motive, which in a work of art produces on the mind a single impression, just as (to borrow Schlegel's illustration) the mechanical unity of a watch consists in its aim of measuring time, and the organic unity of a plant or animal consists in the idea of life. Goethe's protest against the unities is worth quoting: "The unity of place seemed to me irksome as a prison, the unities of action and of time burdensome fetters to our imagination, I sprang into the open air, and felt for the first time that I had hands and feet."

*Alfieri* Born 1749, died 1803. For stern but impassioned simplicity, for absence of all meretricious graces and ornaments, Alfieri stands alone among Italian dramatists. In his later years he was an ardent admirer of Greek tragedy, from which he borrowed the subjects as well as the style of many of his tragedies—*Polynceus*, *Antigone*, *Agamemnon*, *Orestes*, &c.

*Johnson* In his *Preface to Shakespeare*, arguing against the unity of place, he observes very justly that if our imagination can once go to the length of transporting itself eighteen hundred years back to Alexandria, to figure to ourselves the history of Antony and Cleopatra, the next step, namely, to transport ourselves from Alexandria to Rome, is easier.

*Rymers* Thomas, born *circa* 1650, died 1713; an indolent critic, but a careful compiler of records. His *Lauders* is still a standard work. The quotation is from a *Vindication of the Tragedies of the Last Age*, to which Dryden replied. See Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

*I also err'd*, &c. *Paradise Lost*, bk. vii. 1178. A hypermetric or hendecasyllabic line. This license is freely used by Shakespeare, less frequently by Milton. It is only allowable when the extra syllable is unaccented, so that the rhythm of the verse is not interfered with.

*From the time of Pope*, &c. Pope, however, himself occasionally admits it; *e.g.* —

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather or piunella"

—*Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 203

And a few lines further on—

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?"

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!"

*As when we lived*, &c. From Drayton's *England's Heroical Epistles*, *The Lady Jane Grey to the Lord Guildford Dudley*. The poem is well worth perusal. Michael Drayton, born 1563, died 1631. His chief work, the *Polyolbion*, is a minute poetical itinerary of England and Wales, enlivened by picturesque legends and allegories.

*Rogers*. Samuel, born 1763, died 1855. A London banker, a poet and wit. His chief poems are, *The Pleasures of Memory*, *The Voyage of Columbus*, *Human Life*, and *Italy*. The passage referred to is from *Human Life*. It is worth quoting *in extenso*, to illustrate the supposed incorrectness—

"Such grief was ours—it seemed but yesterday—

When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,

'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh

At midnight in a sister's arms to die

Oh, thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,

And pure thy spirit as from Heav'n it came!

And when recalled to join the blest above,

Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,

Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,

When idle Fancy wove luxurious flowers,

Once in thy mirth thou bad'st me write on thee;

And now I write—what thou shalt never see!"

*We do not see why*, &c. Macaulay has borrowed a hint from Schlegel's *Dramatic Literature*. "Three unities, five acts—why not seven persons? These rules seem to proceed according to odd numbers."

*But if there were a painter*, &c. The pupil should trace the original of this delineation of Paradise in Milton. See *Paradise Lost*, iv. 210, *seq.*, and 773.

*M. Jourdain*. From Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* but the words in the text do not occur in the play.

*M. Tomès*. From Molière's *L'Amour Médecin*, act ii. sc. 3.

*Marshal Daun*. Born 1705, died 1766. Field-Marshal of Austria, Generalissimo of the Imperial troops in the Seven Years' War.

*Who flew about from Boulogne*, &c. Disappointed of the arrival of the French fleet under Villeneuve, Napoleon determined to break up the camp he had formed at Boulogne for the invasion of England, 29th August, 1805. Crossing the Rhine at the head of his army, he followed the line of the Suabian Alps, so as to turn the position of General Mack, who had occupied



Ulm, on the Danube. Mack capitulated with 80,000 men, October 17th. Napoleon shortly after marched on Vienna through the Tyrol, and ended the campaign by crushing the Austrian and Russian armies at Austerlitz, December 2.

*Bearings.* The figures called *charges* on an escutcheon. That illegitimacy should be denoted. Instead of *ενερεσις*, as now *Poitcullis and Rouge Dragon*. Cf. Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. II p. 66. "All the fantastic pomp of heraldry was there—Claiencien and Nonoy, Poitcullis and Rouge Dragon, the trumpet, the banner, the grotesque coats embroidered with lions and lilies." For an account of these Heralds and Pursuivants, see BONFIELD'S *Heraldry*.

*Poetry* is as *Aristotle* said. "Epic poetry, tragedy, comedy, dithyrambs, as also, for the most part, the music of the flute and lyre, are all of them, considered generally, imitations (*οδοι μιμήσεις τὸ σύνολον*)"—*Poetics*, cap. 1.

*It is an art analogous, &c.* The following paragraphs are a brief summary of the conclusions arrived at by Lessing in his famous treatise on the limits and respective relations of poetry, painting, and sculpture—the *Laocoon*. The pupil should read, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems, the Epilogue to *Laocoon*.

*Douglas.* A tragedy by J. Home (born 1724, died 1808), a Scotch minister, who was driven out of the church for writing plays. The play is now almost forgotten, save for the stock-quotations, "My name is Noval, on the Giampian Hills," &c.

*Triumphs of Temper.* By William Hayley, born 1745, died 1820, now remembered only for his *Life of Cowper*. Cf. Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

"Behold!—ye tarts! one moment spare the text—  
Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next;  
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,  
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,  
His style in youth and age is still the same,  
For ever feeble and for ever tame.  
Triumphant first see 'Temper's Triumphs' shine!  
At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine.  
Of 'Music's Triumphs' all who read may swear,  
That luckless music never triumphed there."

Byron's matured judgment of the *Triumphs of Temper* was very different. He speaks of it as "a poem that will not be willingly let die."

*Two or three hundred lines of Gray, &c.* The pupil should look out these names in Aikin's or Chambers' *British Poets*, and try to discover for himself the masterpieces.

*The wig of Lovelace, &c.* The hero and heroine in Richardson's novel, *Clarissa Harlowe*, published 1749.

*The Plays of Shakespeare were better acted.* By Garrick and

Footes *Better edited* By Pope, 1725, Warburton, 1744, Johnson, 1765, Stevens, 1773, Malone, 1790

Our noble old ballads. Addison first pointed out the literary merits of English ballads, by his criticism in the *Spectator* of *Cherry Chase*, Nos. 70, 74, and of *The Children in the Wood*, No. 85 \* In 1765 Bishop Percy published his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, a collection of English and Scotch ballads, many of which only existed in manuscript

*The Anabaptists*, i.e. the *re-baptizers*, a religious sect founded by Nicholas Storch, first the disciple and then the bitter enemy of Luther They first attracted notice about the year 1523 Under Munzer they fought many sanguinary battles in Franconia, and seized several towns, notably Munster There, under John of Leyden, a fanatic and libertine, they endured a siege of fourteen months The town was taken by treachery, and the Anabaptists almost exterminated

*The Jacobins*. The name was originally given to a revolutionary club, which called itself 'Société des Amis de la Constitution,' from the accident of their meeting in a house in the Rue St Honoré, which was once a convent of the Jacobins or Dominicans Their questions were discussed before being proposed in the National Assembly Robespierre was for a long time its head, and with Robespierre it fell The name has been since applied to any who hold extreme democratic principles

*Theophilanthropists*. Friends of God and man, one of the numerous sects which sprang up at the time of the French Revolution. They professed pure Deism, and many of the churches of Paris were given up for the celebration of their worship A decree of October 21, 1800, forbade them the use of public buildings, and the sect shortly disappeared

*Macpherson*. Born 1738, died 1796, the *soi-disant* translator of Ossian, a Celtic bard The genuineness of these translations, though long credited by Scotch critics, was from the first suspected by Johnson, and although they were at one time so universally popular that Napoleon studied and Goethe admired them, yet, in England at least, they have been generally pronounced, not only impudent forgeries, but at the same time feeble and bombastic Wordsworth, in the Appendix to his Poem, has well said of Ossian, that it is "the phantom begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition"

*Dalla Crusca* "And the Cruscans, from Meny to Jerningham, who were annihilated (if *Nothing* can be said to be annihilated) by Gifford"—BYRON, *Observations upon an article in*

\* We ought, perhaps, to mention Sir Philip Sidney as possessing a prior claim "I never heard the old song of *Percy and Douglas* that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet"

*Blackwood's Magazine* The school took its title from the famous Florentine Academy of the same name, the 'Accademia della Crusca,' or 'Fufuatorum,' that is, of brian, or of the sifted. Its device was a sieve, and its great work, the *Vocabulario della Crusca*, was published in 1613.

*Knippen-dolling* The most fanatical of the Anabaptists, appointed headsmen by John of Leyden. In 1536 the Bishop of Munster gained the upper hand, and Dolling was ordered to be torn in pieces with red-hot tongs.

*Clotzs* A Prussian baron, who, as a Paris student, espoused in then wildest and most grotesque form the principles of the French Revolution. He took the name of Anacharsis, and styled himself the Orator of the Human Race. Robespierre looked with suspicion on a *sans-culotte* with an income of £4,000 a year, and sent him to the guillotine, 1794.

*Alfieri* See p. 46

*Cowper* See p. 39

1745. The year of Culloden. Cf. Cowper, *Winter Walk at Noon*, l. 658—

"So in the chapel of old Ely House,  
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,  
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,  
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,  
And eke did read right merrily, two staves,  
Sung to the praise and honour of King George."

*Whose spirit had been broken* Of one bully in particular he tells us in his autobiography: "I had such a dread of him that I did not dare lift my eyes to his face. I knew him best by his shoe-buckle."

*Who had not the courage, &c.* To qualify himself for a clerkship in the House of Lords he had to present himself at the bar of the house, and his first attack of madness was consequent on the morbid nervousness at appearing in public.

*A blind old lady and an evangelical dream* Mrs. Unwin and the Rev. William Unwin.

*The voluptuous nobleman* Alfieri was a Piedmontese count of ancient family. He passed a dissipated youth in travel and adventure till the age of twenty-five. The duel with Lord Ligonier was in consequence of an intrigue with his wife.

*Robbed the Pretender of his Queen* The Countess of Albany, *née* Stollberg, married Charles Edward, the last of the Stewart's, in 1772. She deserted him for Alfieri in 1780, with whom, having become a widow, in 1788 she contracted a private marriage.

"*The vision and the faculty dream*."—WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*, bk. 1.

*Liberty was the muse of Alfieri.* Alfieri was an ardent Republican, as the titles of his prose works are sufficient to prove—A

*Treatise on Tyranny, Eturia Arungal, &c* In order to publish these and other works, he took up his abode in France.

*Mrs. Unwin's knitting-needles*

"Thy needles, once a shining store,  
For my sake restless heretofore,  
Now rust disused, and shine no more,  
My Mary."

—*Lincs to Mary, 1793*

*Tutte le rime.* 'All the poems of love that follow are due to her, all are hers and of her only; for assuredly I shall never hereafter sing of another lady.'

"*Manner is all in all*"—*Table Talk*, l. 542.

*He praised Pope.*

"Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,  
In verse well-disciplined, complete, compact,  
Gave virtue and morality a grace,  
That, quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face,  
Levied a tax of wonder and applause  
Even on the fools that trampled on their laws  
But he (his musical *finesse* was such,  
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)  
Made poetry," &c.—*Table Talk*, l. 646.

See criticisms in the same poem on the poets of the Restoration, on Addison, Churchill, Arbuthnot, Swift.

*Mi cadevano* "They fell from my hands by reason of the languidness, the triviality, and the pliancy of the style and versification, to say nothing of feebleness of thought. Now why should our divine tongue, still so masculine, so energetic, so vigorous in the mouth of a Dante, become so colourless and emasculated in tragic dialogue?"

*Creamy smoothness*

"But modern taste  
Is so refined and delicate and chaste,  
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,  
Without a creamy smoothness, has no charms"

—*Table Talk*, l. 510.

*Of Pope, &c*

"Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye."

—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

"Let Pastoral be dumb, for who can hope  
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope."

—*Hints from Horace.*

In his *Letters* he calls Pope "the most faultless of poets." Again he writes "Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age can ever diminish my admiration for him who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood,

perhaps (if I may be allowed to attain it) he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the book of life. . . . Such a poet of a thousand years was Pope. He is himself a literature." Again, in his letter to J. D'Israeli, Esq. "The great cause of the present deplorable state of English poetry is to be attributed to that absurd and systematic depreciation of Pope in which for the last few years there has been a kind of epidemic concurrence. . . . Taking passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more lines teeming with *imagination* from Pope than from any two living writers, be they who they may."

*He now and then praised, &c.* He speaks of *Christabel* as "that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem;" but of Wordsworth, as far as I am aware, there is not a single favourable notice throughout his works, except in a juvenile review of Wordsworth's poems. "In 1807, in a magazine called *Monthly Literary Recreations*, I reviewed Wordsworth's trash of that time."—BYRON'S *Letters*

"*Clumsy, frowsy,*" &c.

"Wordsworth's last quauto, by the way, is bigger

Than any since the birth-day of typography.

A drowsy frowsy poem, called *The Excursion*,

Writ in a manner which is my aversion."

—*Don Juan*, canto III. xciv.

*Peter Bell*

"'Pedlars,' and 'Boats,' and 'Waggons'! oh ye shades

Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?"

That trash of this sort not alone evades

Contempt," &c.—*Don Juan*, canto III. c.

*Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.* First published in 1831, seven years after Lord Byron's death. It was composed at Athens in 1811, and it was only the success of the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*, written about the same time, that induced him not to publish it. Nine years later he writes to Mr. Murray: "Get from Mr. Hobhouse, and send me, a proof of my *Hints from Horace*, it has now the *venum prematur in annum* complete for its production. I have a notion that, with some omissions of names and passages, it will do. As far as versification goes, it is good, and in looking back at what I wrote about that period, I am astonished to see how little I have trained on. I wrote better then than now; but that comes of my having fallen into the atrocious taste of the times." It was again withheld at the advice of Mr. Hobhouse.

*Approbation of the unities.* See preface to *Sardanapalus*.

"As I have a high sense

Of Aristotle and the Rules, 'tis fit

To beg his pardon when I err a bit."

—*Don Juan*, canto I. cxx.

*Lake Milton or Wordsworth* Milton, though not appreciated by his own contemporaries or the next age, of which Johnson may be taken as the critical exponent, cannot justly be said to have ever been 'unpopular'. On this point Byron's judgment is sounder than Macaulay's. "Milton's politics kept him down. But the epigram of Dryden, and the very sale of his work, in proportion to the less reading-time of its publication, prove him to have been honoured by his contemporaries. I will venture to assert that the sale of *Paradise Lost* was greater in the first four years after its publication than that of the *Excursion* in the same number, with the difference of nearly a century and a half between them of time, and of thousands in point of general readers." Wordsworth, in the Appendix to his poems, speaks of "the love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt with which these poems have been received."

*Donne*. Born 1573, died 1631. He is classed by Johnson among the metaphysical poets, writers in whom wit and fancy predominate over feeling and imagination, whose style is made up of quaint conceits, unexpected turns of thought, and far-fetched analogies. Of Donne, Hallam says. "His conceits have not even the merit of being intelligible; it would perhaps be difficult to select three passages that we should care to read again."

*The rants of his rhyming plays*. Alluding in particular to Dryden, nearly all of whose plays are written in rhyme.

*Any Bayes or Bilboa* Dryden was satirized under the name of Mr. Bayes in the famous burlesque of the *Rehearsal*, written by the Duke of Buckingham, with the assistance of the author of *Hudibras* and others.

*Gifford* See above, p. 45. As editor of the *Quarterly Review* he attacked with unmitigated scorn and contempt the new school of poetry.

*Shelley* Born 1792, died 1822, well chosen as the most conspicuous representative of the new school.

*His poetry fills, &c.* Cf. Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath

Preluded those melodious bursts that fill

The spacious times of great Elizabeth

With sounds that echo still."

*Essay on Man* The first part was published in 1732, the fourth part in 1734.

*The Excursion*. Appeared in 1814.

*Racine*. Born 1692, died 1763.

*Boileau*. Born 1636, died 1711.

*Condorcet*. Born 1743, died 1799, the admirer and biographer

of Voltane, the philo-sopher who proclaimed the perfectibility of the human race

*Beaumont Newhall* Born 1732, died 1799. Geruzey calls his *Figaro* at once the signal and the programme of the Revolution

*Dryden was the connecting link, &c.* The comparison between Dryden and Byron is not a happy one. 1 The literature of James I.'s reign had no distinctive character of its own. The only works it produced deserving of notice were those of the Elizabethans who outlived the Queen 2 Macaulay, throughout the *Essay*, has been decrying Pope and the poets of Queen Anne's reign, whereas here Queen Anne's age is typified by Oionasdes, the good genius

*What Mr Wordsworth had said as a reclus, &c.* The criticism is sound as far as it goes; but the difference between the two poets lies deeper than this Wordsworth loved nature for herself, as a sharer of his joys and sorrows, as at once reflecting and suggesting his deepest thoughts and feelings Byron loved nature not so much for herself as for the associations she suggests In *Childe Harold* he seeks the classic lands of Greece and Rome, and even in *Manfred* we feel that the splendid description of the Alps serves but as a background for the solitary misanthrope With the wilder aspects of nature, it is true, he had a true and deep sympathy, and his pictures of a tempest at sea, or a storm among the mountains, are unsurpassed, but we look in vain for the delicate observation, the truthful delineation, and the subtle harmonies, which make Wordsworth pre-eminently the poet of nature

*All his characters, &c.* The pupil will have no difficulty in finding each of these characters in the poems.

*Indeed the hint of the character* As Lord Byron acknowledges in a letter to Mr Murray (*Life*, vol v 188), "In the third act, when Sardanapalus calls for a *mirror* to look at himself in his armour, recollect to quote the Latin passage from *Juvenal* upon *Otho* (a similar character, who did the same thing). (Gifford will help you to it The trait is perhaps too familiar, but it is historical (of Otho at least), and natural in an effeminate character The quotation is from *Juvenal*, ii 103 *Bedriac* is a misquotation for *Behriac*."

*He reverses an imperfect analytical process* He tries to construct a character from the materials presented him by the satirist, materials from which all the common stuff of human nature has been excluded

*A Hemogenes, taken from the lively lines of Horace* M Tellegus Hemogenes in Horace is a tasteless fop, who had a foolish fancy for trying his hand at literature He is described as a singing-master in a girls' school See *Satires*, i 3, 129; i 18, 18 and 80 He is one of the characters in Jonson's *Forster*,

which was played at Blackfriars by the children of the Queen's chapel in 1601.

*The keen and vigorous lines in which Dryden, &c.*

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,  
A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts, and nothing long,  
But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,

\* \* \* \* \*  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert,  
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,  
He had his jest, and they had his estate."

—*Absalom and Achitophel*, l. 544

"The antithetical and epigrammatic mode in which Buckingham is described, though admirable in Dryden's satire, is quite contrary to the spirit of narrative fiction."—SHAW

*The Wharton of Pope.* Philip, Duke of Wharton, son of the great Whig Marquis of Wharton, born 1669, died 1731, having abandoned public life, and assumed the habit of a Capuchin

"Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,  
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise

\* \* \* \* \*  
Nature well-known, no prodigies remain,  
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain"

Read the whole character in Pope's *Moral Essays*, epistle 1 p. 179-210

*Lord Hervey.* Eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, born 1696, died 1743

"Let Sporus tremble—What? that thing of silk?

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings,

Whose buzz the witty and the fair amuse,

Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite

\* \* \* \* \*

Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,

Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord"

—*Prologue to the Satires*, 305-360

*A writer who shows so little dramatic skill, &c.* It is but fair to Lord Byron's genius to add that he constantly, in his corres-



pondence, expresses mistrust of his own dramatic powers, that he refused to write for the stage, and that it was in opposition to his wishes that any of his plays were acted.

*The hero of the R. Marsal* Mr Bayes. See above, p. 53

*"Description was his forte."* Don Juan, canto v. l. 11

*The wonders of the outer world, &c.* However true the remark may be generally of Byron's poems, it does not hold good of *Childe Harold*, in which poem most of the scenes enumerated occur. Save in the first canto, the Pilgrim is rarely obliterated on us—we forget him as much as the figures in one of Claude's or Turner's landscapes. "The glaciers of Clarens," we may notice in passing, is a slip of Lord Macaulay's. The hills of Clarens are comparatively low, and covered with vineyards, interspersed with woods, among which was the famous *Bouquet de Juleu* till felled by the monks of St Bernard, to whom the land belonged. See *Childe Harold*, note [g]

*Marah* Exodus xv. 22-24, Numbers xiii. 8

*He always described himself* Take as a primary instance the lines *On my Thirty-third Birthday*.

*His farewell to his wife* The lines "Fare thee well, and if for ever" Moore says that Lord Byron had no intention of making them public, and that it was through the injudicious zeal of a friend whom he had allowed to take a copy, that they appeared in the papers.

*His blessings on his child* See the beginning and the end of canto iii. of *Childe Harold*.

*"Ill may such contest," &c.* Canto ii. stanza xciv.

*A day or two before he published, &c.* On February 27, 1812, he made his first speech in the House of Lords. The subject of debate was the Nottingham Famine-breaking Bill. "That he was himself highly pleased with his success appears from the annexed account of Mr Dallas, which gives a lively notion of his boyish elation on the occasion: "When he left the great chamber, I went and met him in the passage; he was glowing with success, and much agitated. . . . He was greatly elated, and repeated some of the compliments which had been paid him, and mentioned one or two of the peers who had desired to be introduced to him"—*Moore's Life*. Two days later the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* were published, and (as he tells himself) "nobody ever thought about my prose afterwards, nor indeed did I."

*The loves of Petrarch* His hopeless attachment to Laura de Noves, the mistress of his sonnets.

*The sufferings of Rousseau.* The secret of the wide sympathy which Rousseau excited was partly of course that sensibility and vivid imagination which, while it was the cause of his sufferings, enabled him to portray them more touchingly than

others, but besides all this, the fact that, notwithstanding all his meanness and hypocrisy, he preserved to the end a genuine fellow-feeling with the people from which he was sprung

"*Nothing's so dauntly sweet,*" &c From Fletcher

"*To be as sad as night only for wantonness*" Shakespeare,  
*King John*, iv 1

*The Minerva press* A soubiquet for fashionable novels, such as Lady Blessington's, &c

*On whom the freshness of the heart.*

"No more—no more—oh, never more on me  
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew!"

—*Don Juan*, canto 1 cciv